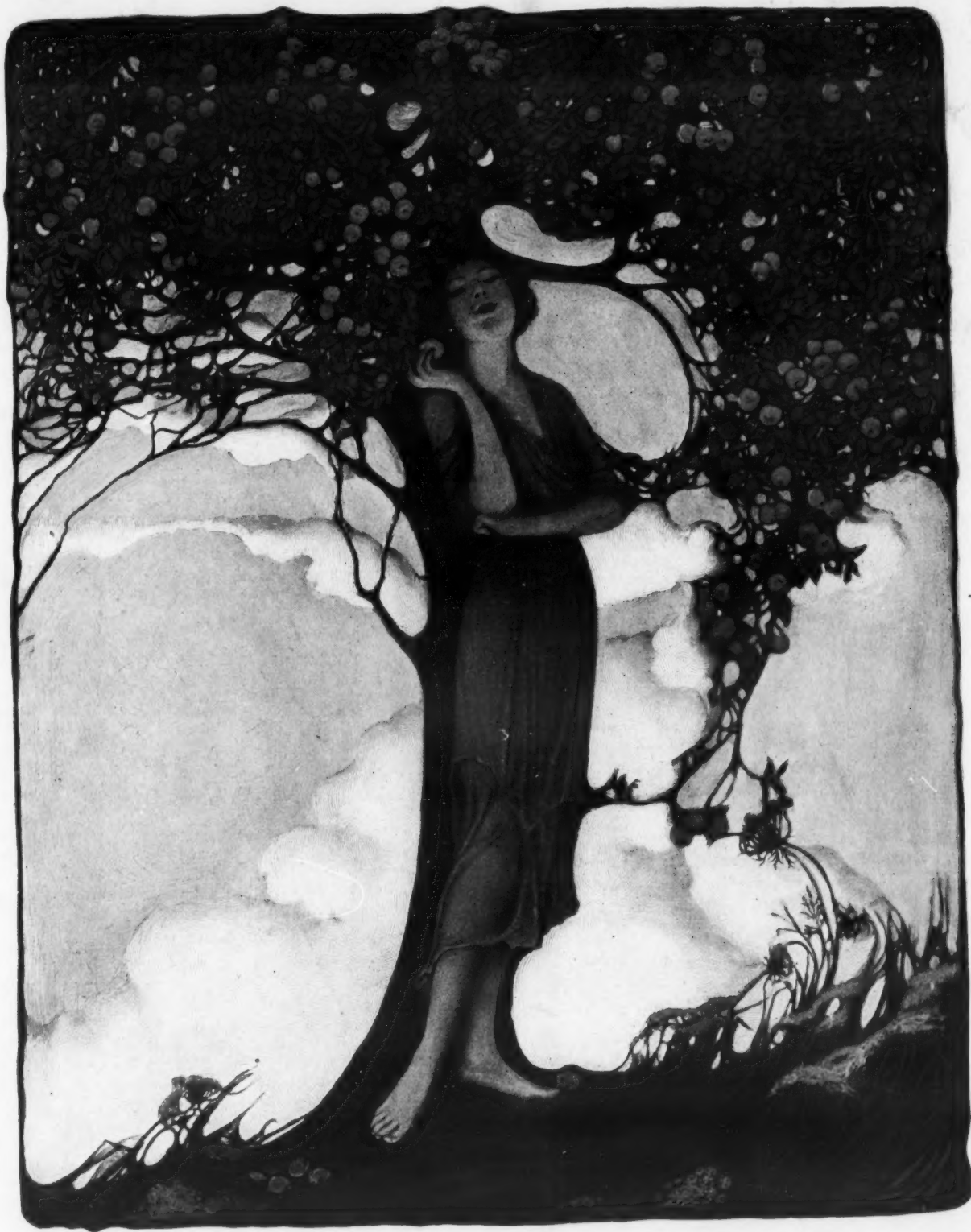


Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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OCT 17 1912
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No-Rim-Cut Tires—10% Oversize

Ways That Won

Some two dozen makers started out to build tires.

Perhaps half of these makers did their level best. Each sought the leading place.

The verdict was left to the hundreds of thousands who buy automobile tires. And they judged solely by the service, by lack of trouble, by the cost per mile.

That verdict, after 13 years, favors Goodyear tires. They now outsell all others.

They are used, perhaps, on 250,000 cars. Their present sale is 100,000 monthly.

Their sale today is 12 times larger than three years ago. Which shows how overwhelming is the final choice.

Every tire user—every man in business—will wish to know what won this war of giants.

Here we tell you—read it.

The Goodyear Business Code

Getting Able Men

The one thing certain is that motorists can't long be fooled on tires.

Tires are too important.

In the long run, none but the best tires can hope for leading place. And the way to build the best tire is to get the ablest men.

So we started a system for getting and developing men of unusual calibre.

Part of that system, still in use, is to send men yearly to great technical

schools to pick the most promising graduates. We are great believers in young men.

Thus we gathered here, in the course of years, an army of expert tire men. And their futures and fortunes depend solely on perfecting Goodyear tires.

Active Rivalry

To get from these men the very best that was in them, we created rivalry.

We arranged to test, by metered

mileage, every promising idea and suggestion.

We have compared in this way some 240 formulas and fabrics. Methods of making, of wrapping, of vulcanizing, were all submitted to this mileage test.

Any old idea was promptly discarded when a new one proved the better. Then the new was discarded for something better still.

This ceaseless advancement, continued 13 years, has made Goodyear

tires as you know them now. They are pretty close to finality.

The Winners Were Made Partners

The leading places in our factory went to the men who won. And those men also came to share in our profits.

In our factory building tires there are now 49 stockholders, whom we helped to acquire their stock.

And those 49 partners are watching the factors which make men want Goodyear tires.

Insuring a Square Deal

Free Competition

We stand in the tire business for free competition. To this end we maintain the most complete independence.

We have no alliances, no agreements with competitors. We shall never consolidate with them.

Free competition puts men on their mettle. It forces fair prices. It compels a square deal.

Under free competition, the best tire will win. And that's the result we are after.

No Monopoly

We have invented and patented features and machines which might, if we wished, give us enormous advantage.

One machine on which we hold patents, for instance, enables one man to do the work of ten. It also insures perfect wrapping.

Another patented feature controls the only way to make a satisfactory tire which doesn't hook to the rim.

But all of our patents are licensed to others, and all who will may use them.

Thus we avoid even patent monopoly, which is considered the due of inventors.

Only \$10,000,000 Capital

This is the world's largest tire business, and our sales this year will exceed \$25,000,000.

Yet all of this business is being done on a capital of \$10,000,000, every dollar of which represents actual assets. Our patents and good-will are, on our books, valued at \$1.

Users of our tires are not asked to pay dividends on any fictitious capital.

Profit, 8½ Per Cent

This condition permits us to cut our profits down to the lowest margin. Our profit last year on No-Rim-Cut tires averaged 8½ per cent.

Our cost is cut by labor-saving machinery, by enormous output, by modern equipment. So, when we add to that cost 8½ per cent profit, it means

the greatest value men can ever give in tires.

The Men You Meet Are Partners

Our branch managers, by our aid, are partners in our profits. So are 33 men in our office, dealing with men who buy tires.

Thus the men who render Goodyear service share the Goodyear profits. We know of no better way to insure you the service which we intend.

Ninety per cent of the Goodyear common stock is owned by the men who are doing most to add to these tires' popularity.

No-Rim-Cut Tires—10% Oversize

Saving Half the Ruin

Savings That You Can See

Next these men of ours perfected a tire which can't be rim-cut.

It's a new-type tire—a hookless tire. There are six flat bands of 126 braided wires vulcanized into the base of it.

Your removable rim flanges, when you use this tire, are set to curve outward rather than inward. For you don't need to hook these patent tires to the rim.

When these tires are wholly or partly deflated they rest on a rounded edge. Rim-cutting is simply impossible.

These No-Rim-Cut tires, to avoid overloading, are made 10 per cent over the rated size.

See for Yourself

These are visible advantages. One glance will prove them to you.

Quality is something which you can't see. Time alone can tell it. And time has told it about Goodyear tires.

But you can see that No-Rim-Cut tires end this sort of damage forever.

And you can see the extra air capacity. We call it 10 per cent. But actual comparison with six makes of clinchers proves the average oversize to be 16.7 per cent.

23 + 25 Per Cent

Statistics show that rim-cutting occurs on 23 per cent of all old-type tires. And rim-cut ruin cannot be repaired.

It has never occurred, and can never occur, on a No-Rim-Cut tire.

So rim-cut prevention means an average saving of 23 per cent.

Tire experts agree that each 5 per cent added capacity adds 15 per cent to the tire mileage. So it is safe to say that 10 per cent oversize adds 25 per cent to the tire mileage.

These two savings together mean 48 per cent. That is what they will average. And that means to cut tire bills in two.

No-Rim-Cut tires are saving to motorists, in all probability, a million dollars monthly.

Over 1,500,000 Sold

543,000 in the Past Six Months

Last March we announced that a million Goodyear automobile tires had then gone into use. That was after 12 years of tire making.

Now, six months later, the sales exceed a million and a half.

The last six months' demand has been half as large as for all the 12 years preceding.

That clearly shows what motor car owners are saying about these tires.

Nothing Like It

In all the history of Motordom there has been nothing comparable

with this rush of demand to No-Rim-Cut tires.

Our sales have doubled six times in three years. They are doubling now once in eight months.

For the 1912 season, 127 motor car makers contracted for Goodyear tires. And they equipped with these tires, during that season, over 100,000 new cars.

All the figures available indicate now that one-third of all cars running now use these premier tires.

A 6-Mile Factory

Our factory additions for the year 1912 will equal 13 acres of floor space.

When they are completed they will give us a total of 1,600,000 square feet.

Were the factory 50 feet wide and one story high, it would be more than six miles long.

This factory runs constantly, with three shifts of men, 24 hours a day. Its output now exceeds 100,000 tires monthly, and will soon be increased to 6,000 tires a day.

Our whole year's output in 1909 was scarcely more than one month's output now.

All Due to These Matchless Tires

All this is due to building tires which have never been excelled.

It is due to policies which every man approves.

It is due to small profit, to oversize tires, and to tires that can't be rim-cut.

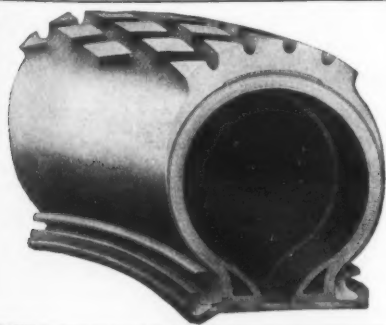
Thus we have won some quarter-million men to the use of Goodyear tires. And those men are winning others.

Ask one of these men what No-Rim-Cut tires have done for his tire upkeep.

Or go to some Goodyear dealer and see them. Judge for yourself the advantage.

When you do that you will ever after insist on the Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires.

The Goodyear Tire Book—based on 13 years of tire making—is filled with facts you should know. Ask us to mail it to you.



GOODYEAR
AKRON, OHIO

No-Rim-Cut Tires

With or Without Non-Skid Treads

The tire shown here is a No-Rim-Cut tire with the Goodyear Non-Skid tread. This is a double-thick tread, made of very tough rubber. The blocks are deep-cut, and are immensely enduring. They present to the road surface countless edges and angles. They are wide at the base, so the strain is distributed, just as with smooth-tread tires. These are the best winter tires, the most effective Non-Skids which have ever been invented. They grasp the road with a bull-dog grip.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

Branches and Agencies in 103 Principal Cities

More Service Stations Than Any Other Tire

We Make All Kinds of Rubber Tires, Tire Accessories and Repair Outfits

Main Canadian Office, Toronto, Ont.—Canadian Factory, Bowmanville, Ont.

My Hobby

Here's the sweetest smoke

that I ever discovered, and I've smoked for 40 years.

It is made of Cuban-grown tobacco, of a mild and wondrous flavor. A connoisseur first gave it to me, and told me where to get the leaf.

Then I had this Havana made up to my order—made as a small Panatela, the size of this picture. For I like short, sweet smokes.

Every man who smokes one asks me where to get it. Lately I have ordered in 50,000 lots to keep my friends supplied. This cigar has become my hobby.

It occurs to me now that hundreds of others would enjoy this exquisite smoke. So I have decided to invite them to try it.

I will send five free—and gladly—to any man who likes a rare, short, sweet, Havana smoke. If you are delighted, I will keep you supplied at \$4.50 per hundred, mail or express prepaid. That is close to my cost, for this is simply a pastime. Profit is not important.

Smoke Five with Me

I will mail five of these cigars for trial to any man who writes on his letter-head. Just send me 10 cents to cover postage, packing and revenue stamp. I will supply the cigars. I only ask this 10 cents to pick out the right sort of people. If you like them, order as wanted—50 or 100 at a time—at \$4.50 per hundred (50 for \$2.35), mail or express prepaid.

Write now for the five cigars

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Free



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Size



Only \$2.50 puts this typewriter in your home

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Pittsburgh, Pa.

Will be glad to know how I can become owner of one of your machines.

Name _____

Street _____

P. O. _____ State _____

Weekly letter to readers on advertising No. 93

AS advertising manager of Collier's Weekly, the keynote of Mr. Patterson's work has been service to advertisers, advertising agencies and subscribers. This shall be before me constantly in trying to follow in his footsteps and shall always be uppermost in the mind of every member of the Advertising Department.

A. B. F. Hammerman

Advertising Manager



In buying a car or a motorcycle, look sharply at the lighting equipment

If the price of any motor vehicle includes lighting equipment, remember you aren't getting it free—you're paying for it.

If the machine you buy is sold frankly without lighting equipment, well and good! That leaves you free to buy your own equipment, and you'll probably buy a Prest-O-Lite Gas Tank.

But if you are not supposed to pay extra for lighting equipment, don't accept a make-shift! Insist on having Prest-O-Lite.

Generators "included in the equipment," have been thrown away in disgust by thousands upon thousands of motorists.

Any experienced motorist will tell you that Prest-O-Lite ready-to-use gas costs no more—usually costs less—than the carbide consumed in any effort to make your own gas.

For AUTOMOBILES

The very simplicity of Prest-O-Lite makes it the dependable lighting system. It has no delicate parts or complications, involves no costly repairs, and needs no attention that any dealer cannot quickly and intelligently give.

Light your lamps from the seat

By equipping your car with the Prest-O-Lite, you can light, lower or extinguish your lamps from the seat. For headlights alone or head and dash lights, if you prefer. Oil lamps are easily converted—new lamps are not needed.



Prest-O-Lite Perfect convenience plus Prest-O-Lite economy and reliability.

So the cleanliness, convenience, dependability and brilliance of Prest-O-Lite are your clear gain.

Steady, unflinching light that floods the road far ahead, turned on and off like a gas jet.

This kind of light prevents accidents, makes night riding a keen pleasure, and gives you satisfaction the year around.

For MOTORCYCLES

Prest-O-Lite is the ONLY lighting system that makes night riding possible and safe for the motorcyclist. Easily attached to any motorcycle.

The first cost of the tank itself is low and the money invested in it is not spent, because a genuine Prest-O-Lite Tank never gets to be second-hand and is always a READY CASH ASSET.

Talk it over with your nearest dealer (automobile or motorcycle), or write us.

Don't Let Anyone Cheat You with an Imitation.

The genuine Prest-O-Lite Tank, when empty, can be immediately exchanged for a full one, ANYWHERE and ALWAYS. Imitations cannot. The dealer who slips on a counterfeit in exchange for your Prest-O-Lite Tank gets the best of you. Don't let him! Watch it!

We will not be responsible for short measure or poor gas in tanks not filled by us. Protect yourself by looking for our label.

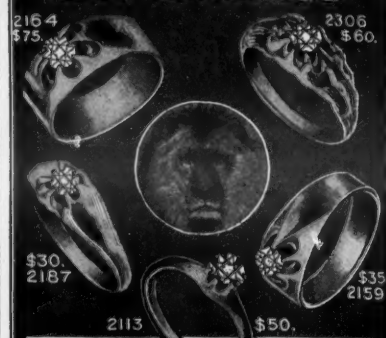
If you have any trouble in realizing the perfect satisfaction which we aim to give, write us.

The Prest-O-Lite Co., Indianapolis, Indiana

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Why wait for your Diamond until you have saved the price? Pay for it by the Lyon Method. Lyon's Diamonds are guaranteed perfect blue-white. A written guarantee accompanies each Diamond. All goods sent prepaid for inspection. 10% discount for cash. Send now for catalogue No. 24

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This automatic regulator controls dampers and drafts—detects and acts on the variation of one degree, preventing over-heating and fuel waste.

With the Clock Attachment you can reduce the heat during sleeping hours; and automatically increase it to the day temperature, and by the time you rise the Jewell will have the house as warm as toast. Don't wish your house warm in the morning. Buy a Jewell and have it so. Guaranteed efficient with any kind of heating plant. Nothing to wear out, will last a lifetime.

Send today for the book "The Home Comfortable"—and folder with the whimsical story of "JIM JEWELL."—Both will interest and surprise you.

Send postal NOW to
JEWELL MFG. CO., 23 Green St., Auburn, N. Y.

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Combination mirror and electric lamp. Adjustable searchlight reflector concentrates all the light on the face, below the eyes. No light is thrown into eyes or the mirror to dazzle them. Attaches to any electric lamp socket by cord. Use it anywhere—home or traveling—folds compactly. Mirror in best French-bevel plate, 8 in. square, mounted on strong, handsome folding frame. Stands or hangs at any desired angle. Delivered with 6 ft. silk connecting cord and plug, all charges prepaid, \$3.50. If not satisfactory, money refunded.

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The Magic Household Lighter No matches—a bright flame. Thousands of lights without refilling. A truly remarkable opportunity for Agents to make money fast. Write today.

Every housewife will want one the minute she sees it. Send postpaid on receipt of price.

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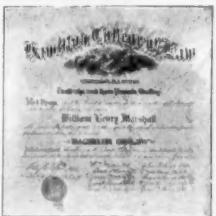
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Show Card Writing or Lettering by mail and guarantee success. Only field not overcrowded. My instruction is unequalled because practical, personal and thorough. Easy terms. Write for large catalog.

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Look and wear like diamonds. Brilliance guaranteed forever. Stand file, acid and fire like diamonds. Have no paste, foil or backing. Set only in 14 karat solid gold mountings. About 1-300th the price of diamonds. A marvelous synthetic gem—will cut glass. Guaranteed not an imitation, and to contain no glass. Sent C.O.D. subject to examination. Write today for our 4 color catalog DeLuxe, it's free.
Rémoh Jewelry Co., 638 Washington Ave., St. Louis

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

OCTOBER 19, 1912 SATURDAY

VOLUME FIFTY

NO 5

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The Clean Way to Clean



The Sturtevant Suction Fan—the Western Electric Motor—both standards in their line for over 30 years. Combined they produce the perfect vacuum cleaner. The Western Electric-Sturtevant cleaner is the absolute solution of your cleaning problem. Both portable and stationary types, in sizes to fit every purse.

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EQUIPMENT FOR EVERY ELECTRICAL NEED



CAT'S PAW CUSHION RUBBER HEELS

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The Heel With Nine Lives

Get Started Right

with Cat's Paw Rubber Heels, and you will never go back to spine-jarring leather heels—or any other kind of rubber heels.

Your shoes will be more comfortable—they will wear longer—and you will walk with a new buoyancy and lightness.

Best of all, you will walk safely, with a sure-footed tread. The friction plug won't let you slip—prevents your foot steps from sounding like a "gum shoe" artist.

Next time you go to a shoe store think of the Black Cat—then tell the man you want Cat's Paw Rubber Heels. The name is easy to remember—and they cost no more than the ordinary kind.

TO THE RETAIL TRADE

It pays to give the public what they want. The majority want Cat's Paw Cushion Rubber Heels. Order from your jobber today.

THE FOSTER RUBBER CO.

105 Federal St., Boston, Mass



Copyright, 1912, B. Kuppenheimer & Co.

THIS illustration shows Kuppenheimer Clothes as they are—as they appear on young men in the metropolitan cities all over the country—rich, right, personable.

WE PREFER that you see the clothes at your dealer's, rather than attempt to do them justice by description. You'll find them most worthy of the high reputation they've won in the past decade.

You'd better see them; now being displayed by clothiers everywhere. Send for the book, "Styles for Men."

THE HOUSE OF KUPPENHEIMER
CHICAGO

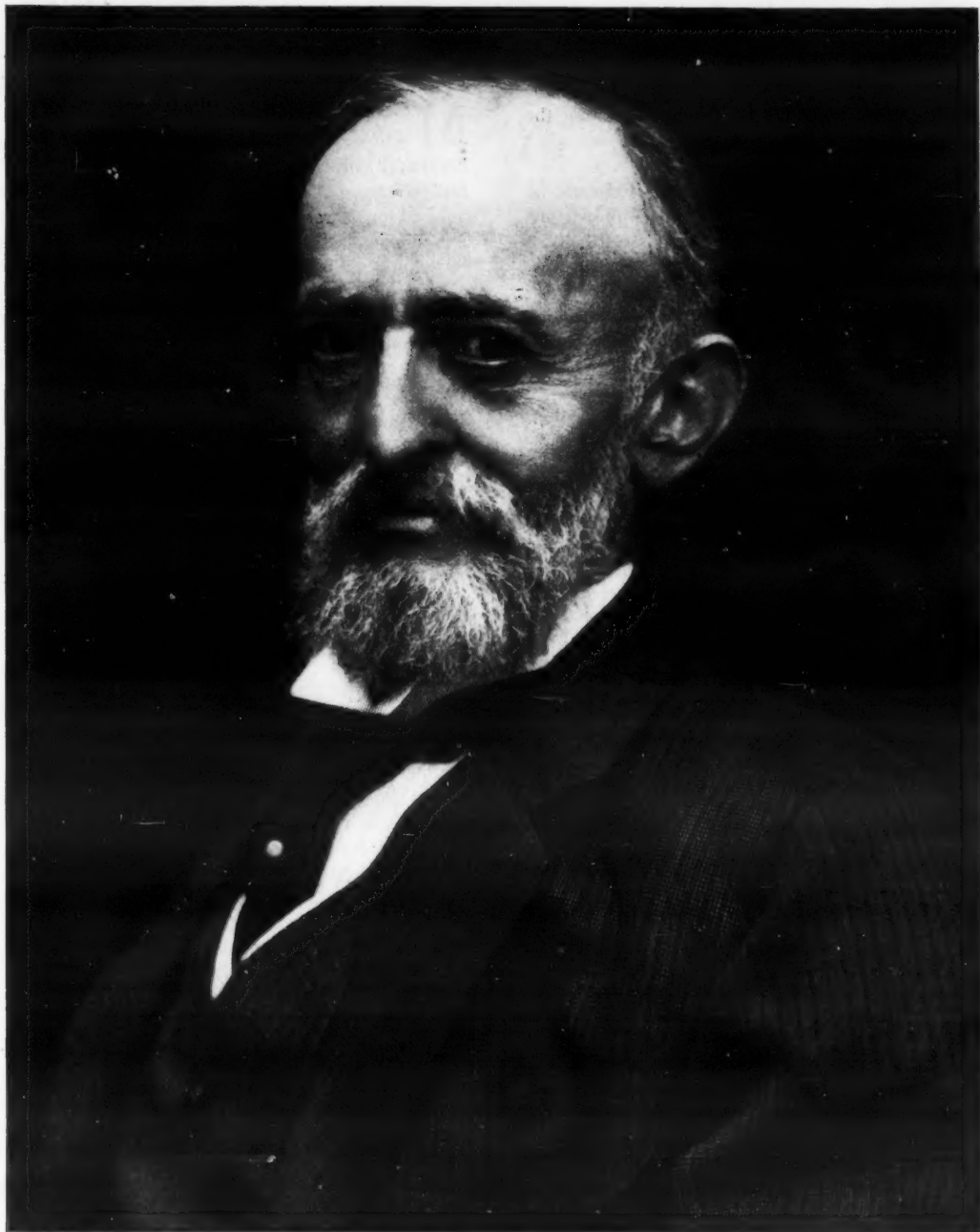
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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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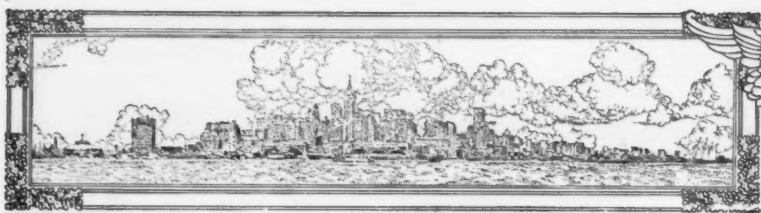


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For Governor of New York, Oscar S. Straus

This man is a Jew. He is the Progressive party candidate for the highest office in a community larger than France at the time of Charlemagne, than England under Cromwell, or Prussia under Frederick the Great—greater than these in population and wealth and beyond them to a degree that is immeasurable in the aggregate of human intelligence. Mr. Straus ought to be successful. Throughout his life he has given fully a tithe of his income and more than a tithe of his high intelligence to the good of the people. His is the only candidacy that holds out any dependable promise for the reform of some conditions which are intolerable. Some other States in which the Progressive candidate for Governor is clearly better than the others and ought to be elected are:

Massachusetts, Charles Sumner Bird New Hampshire, Winston Churchill
Indiana, Albert J. Beveridge Illinois, Frank Funk



THE METHOD

SINCE MR. BRANDEIS'S essays on the trust question were printed in COLLIER'S many inquiries have come in about just *how* he proposed to regulate competition and what the *practical* differences are between his plan, which in general has been approved by WOODROW WILSON, and the new party program. Briefly stated, his position is:

Competition can and should be maintained in every branch of private industry; it can and should be restored in those branches of industry in which it has been suppressed; and if at any time monopoly should appear to be desirable, the monopoly should be a public one.

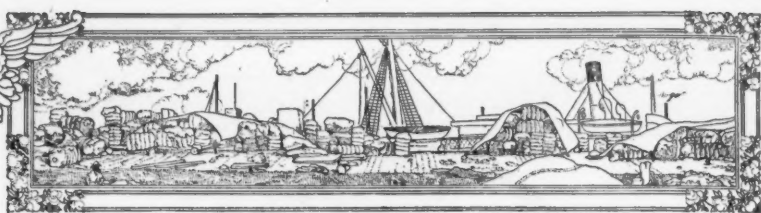
As to the *machinery* to be employed to "regulate" industry, the differences of opinion would be in detail or such as result from differences in the ends sought. The new party would have no use for legal or administrative machinery by which existing trusts might be disintegrated. The Democratic party would have no use for a price-fixing board.

The Sherman Antitrust Act has in the past been little more than a declaration of our economic policy. The experience gained in the twenty-two years since the act was passed has, however, established the soundness of the economic policy which it embodies, and has shown what the defects in the statute are. New legislation should:

FIRST: *Remove the Uncertainties in the Sherman Law*—This can be largely accomplished by making the prohibitions upon combinations more definite, somewhat as the La Follette-Stanley Antitrust Bills propose. The Sherman Law, as interpreted by the United States Supreme Court, prohibits monopolies and combinations "unreasonably" in restraint of trade. Experience has taught us, in the main, what combinations are thus "unreasonable." They are the combinations which suppress competition. Competition is never suppressed by the greater efficiency of one concern. It is suppressed either by agreement to form a monopoly or by those excesses of competition which are designed to crush a rival. Some specific methods by which the great trusts, utilizing their huge resources or particularly favored positions, commonly crush rivals are: "Cutthroat" competition; discrimination against customers who do not deal exclusively with the combination; excluding competitors from access to essential raw material; espionage; doing business under false names or as "fake independents"; securing unfair advantage through railroad rebates; acquiring, otherwise than through efficiency, such control over the market as to dominate the trade. The time has come to embody this experience into rules of law which will instruct the many business men who desire to obey the statute what they should avoid.

SECOND: *Facilitate the Enforcement of the Law by the Courts*—It is hardly conceivable that private monopoly would have acquired its present sway in America if the judicial machinery for enforcing the prohibitions of the Sherman Law had been adequate; and it is certain that the lamentable failure of the proceedings against the Standard Oil and the Tobacco Trust could have been averted. The failure of the decrees to restore competition is due mainly to the fact that the court, in dividing the trust properties into several segments, did not make these segments separate and distinct. That would have been accomplished if for a limited period no person had been permitted to own at the same time stock in more than one of the segments. The La Follette-Stanley Antitrust Bills provide for this change in the methods of "disintegration."

The Standard Oil and Tobacco Trust suits fail to afford redress for wrongs done in the past. Each of these trusts had extorted hundreds of millions of dollars from the public, and in the process had ruthlessly crushed hundreds and possibly thousands of independent business concerns. Upon the admitted facts the Supreme Court declared unanimously that the combinations and their acts were illegal, but the corporation was left in undisputed possession of their gains, and no reparation was made to anyone. Judicial determination of the illegality of a combination and its practices should result, under any proper system of law, as a matter of course, in compensation to the injured. The Sherman Law provided that anyone injured by an illegal combination might recover three times the damages suffered, but that provision has been practically a dead letter, because under the general rules of law the decisions in proceedings instituted by the Government do not inure to the individual benefit of those who have been injured. The pending bills provide that whenever in a proceeding instituted by the Government a final judgment is rendered, declaring that the defendant has entered into a combination in unreasonable restraint of trade, that finding shall be conclusive as against the defendant in any other proceeding brought against the defendant by anyone, so that the injured person would thereafter merely have to establish the amount of the loss suffered; and the danger of losing the right to compensation while awaiting the results of the Government suit is averted by providing that the statute of limitations shall not run while the Government suit is pending.



THIRD: *Create a Board or Commission to Aid in Administering the Sherman Law*—For the enforcement of the Sherman Law and regulation of competition is needed an administrative board with broad powers. What the precise powers of such a board should be is a subject which will require the most careful consideration of Congress. The duties should be broad, and probably whatever powers are conferred at the outset will be increased from time to time as we learn from experience. The bill introduced by Senator NEWLANDS, August 21, 1911, and the Federal Commission Bill, introduced later by Senator LA FOLLETTE, contain suggestions of value.

WOODROW WILSON has said that on all such complicated topics he intends, if elected, to confer and cooperate carefully with many kinds of persons; but the above outline, we fancy, comes pretty near stating the most definite intentions thus far formed by the Democratic party with regard to the curbing of monopoly.

THE HUMAN MIND

MAN is an animal that grows restive when he sees a nice distinction. He desires broad and simple issues: black and white, not gray; hero and villain; absolute right and wrong, not relative degrees of right and wrong. A sad amusement creeps over us as we see the protests against our praising the new party while taking sides on the two leading national issues with the Democrats. Our position, correct or erroneous, looks at least clear enough for a child to grasp, yet it is treated as obscure by many readers. Thousands of beings in this land still like to think only in sheer choices, taking sides altogether, without limitation. No wonder some of the reporters were puzzled by the fact that CHARLES R. CRANE, in the campaign for the nomination, gave money to both LA FOLLETTE and WILSON, because he thought both were able and honest Progressives, and little he cared whether either happened to be called Republican or Democrat. Does Mr. CRANE'S attitude puzzle you, O reader, or does it seem the most natural posture in the world?

A large part of the third party's platform, the Lloyd-George part, is taken up with what are primarily State issues. Also, they have made splendid nominations in many of the States. By looking at the writing under Mr. STRAUS'S picture, on the page preceding this, you will see a list of some of the States in which independent citizens, even if they are supporting the Democratic national ticket, might well vote for the Bull Moose State officials.

THE HEARST FORGERIES

NATURALLY the Hearst papers are indignant at our exposure of the use of forgery in the Archbold letters. If it had been the first offense we might have been more lenient. It happens often, but we will confine the present illustration to a matter of importance. Everybody knows that the Chicago "Tribune" is entitled to the credit of prosecuting the Lorimer case. It was the "Tribune" which paid \$1,500 to WHITE for the original confession which opened the whole matter up. It was the "Tribune" which employed detectives and lawyers and spent weeks in time and thousands in money to verify this confession. It was the "Tribune" which first printed the story, and which by printing the details of the various trials at length and with prominence finally succeeded in making the country thoroughly familiar with the case. That the "Tribune" was the prosecutor was perfectly understood at the hearings and in Congress. The "Tribune's" lawyers conducted the cross-examination of LORIMER'S witnesses. Indeed, the records of the hearings as well as the debates in Congress teem with references to the "Tribune's" activity. Nevertheless, the day after LORIMER was cast out of the Senate HEARST'S Chicago "Examiner" printed in heavy type, all the way across the seven columns of its front page, these words:

"Two Years' Fight of Chicago Examiner and Hearst Papers Is Won"

Chicago Examiner's First Exposure of the Lorimer Bribery

Facsimile of Part of First Page of Chicago Examiner of April 30, 1910"

The Hearst paper's "first exposure of the Lorimer bribery" was hastily written at five o'clock in the morning by a Hearst editor, who, in a manner familiar to newspaper workers, "lifted" it from the early editions of its rival, the "Tribune," where it had been exclusive. The genius who performed this act of appreciation and appropriation, being torn between enterprise and prudence, spoke guardedly of

the signed confession *alleged* to have been made.

Two years later, when the Hearst paper wanted to reproduce a facsimile to prove its priority, the "alleged" was as embarrassing as it had been useful before. And so it became necessary to scissor the "facsimile" so that the word "alleged" disappeared.

WHO GETS THE BENEFIT OF THE TARIFF?

COPPER AND PETROLEUM are on the free list. Wages in those lines are extremely high, going to as much as six and seven dollars a day. The textile trades are protected by an average tariff of not far from eighty per cent, but workers find it difficult to avoid starvation, their average wages being about as much per week as many copper workers get per day.

WILSON'S HUMANE RECORD

SOcial WORKERS have gone mainly for the Bull Moose, quite naturally and properly, since the Moose platform gives such emphasis to their work. It is often overlooked that WILSON, although he is not bringing it much into the national campaign, has shown in his Governorship how he stands in this field. Under his leadership the Jersey Legislature has, in two years, limited the employment of working women to sixty hours a week, this being the first law relating to women wage earners ever enacted in New Jersey. Several other laws, of less importance, relate to the welfare of women in various directions, including improvements in the penal system. About a dozen laws for the protection of children have been passed. In the domain of health much progress has been made. New Jersey has taken a decided stand in the campaign against tuberculosis, a step has been taken toward controlling feeble-mindedness, a remedy for prenatal blindness is to be furnished free of charge, and the use of the common drinking cup has been restricted. Among the commissions appointed were those on prison labor, employers' liability, ameliorating the condition of the blind, and playgrounds. The New Jersey State Federation of Labor passed a resolution praising the Governor "for his unremitting and untiring efforts in assisting to bring about better conditions for the wage earners of New Jersey." Although he looks upon the trusts and the tariff as the great national issues of the campaign, his work as Governor is the best proof of his interest in social and industrial amelioration.

IMMIGRATION

WHEREVER VOTERS ABOUND there will be found some hypocrisy among politicians. There are, of course, an enormous number of voters who are either immigrants or friends or relatives of them. We have already spoken of the hypocritical way in which WOODROW WILSON's history has been misinterpreted on this subject by many who really agree with him. Whoever conducts the difficult post of Commissioner of Immigration at Ellis Island is perfectly sure of abuse, altogether regardless of the truth. WILLIAM WILLIAMS has done remarkably thorough, fair, and kind work there, and yet he was attacked by Congressman SULZER (the same who is now running for Governor of New York), egged on by HEARST, and more recently by Congressman SABATH of Illinois, who handed out a peculiarly complete series of lies (under leave to print), and then energetically circulated them under his frank. The falsity of some of them was shown by the very record from which he quoted. Commissioner WILLIAMS is doing his part admirably. It is up to Congress, both in the matter of adequate appropriations and in the matter of exclusions. Doubtless a few cases of personal hardship occur, but doubtless also many are still let in who ought to be kept out. We plan, by the way, to run a series of four articles on immigration, by Mrs. WILLISIE, beginning in a few weeks. Will they be good? Time will tell. The topic is extremely difficult, but also she is extremely able, so the betting ought to be about even.

THE PAY OF MINERS

A CORRESPONDENT calls our attention to the fact that the Phelps-Dodge Company and the Calumet and Arizona Company at Bisbee, Ariz., pay muckers, the lowest grade of miners, \$4 for an eight-hour day. He says these wages are higher than those paid the Butte miners, which he quotes us as saying are paid \$3. This is the rate of wages we gave as prevailing not for miners, as he imagines, but for smelter employees at Butte, who are paid much less than the miners. Butte is a strong union center, while Bisbee is known as an open camp, no discrimination being made in favor of or against unions. Whether there is rivalry between Butte and Bisbee for first honors in fair play to the miners makes little difference. What COLLIER's would like to see is fair play for the miners everywhere. They dig out of the earth the treasure which frequently costs the owner little more than the expense of extraction. The hazard of capital justifies, of course, large profits, but the life is very dangerous, and there is scarcely an occupation which year after year proves the worth of so many modest heroes, who sacrifice themselves in the conquest of the earth for the pittance which none too well supports them.

LAW AND PROGRESS

A STATUTE passed in Ohio by the last Legislature compels the election of judges on a separate independent judicial ticket, with no party names or designations. Judge R. M. WANAMAKER of Akron, at present a justice of the Common Pleas Court, is running for Supreme Court justice of Ohio on a platform calling for the abolition of needless delays, needless expense, outworn technical rules, and trespass by courts on legislative rights. Judge WANAMAKER was nominated and elected a Common Pleas judge in 1905 in spite of the political organization of his party, led by United States Senator CHARLES DICK. During his six years on the bench the longest civil case, with or without a jury, occupied but three days. When he became judge the average time litigants were compelled to wait for the trial of their causes was from two to two and a half years. He insisted upon litigants and lawyers settling their cases wherever possible, and instituted a regular "settlement docket." Ohio is starting off with a new constitution. It ought to elect Supreme Court judges who are progressive enough to construe these provisions in the spirit in which they were adopted by the people.

WOMEN AND SHAKESPEARE

ONE PHILOSOPHER thinks the reason women take so little sentimental interest in SHAKESPEARE's men is that they don't read SHAKESPEARE. For his part he has known women who studied SHAKESPEARE, who liked certain characters, and perhaps a single play, but almost none who were deeply stirred by the poet's criticism of life and portrayal of the human pageant. Our own experience with women has been rather different, but we should like uncommonly well to hear from teachers of English in coeducation colleges.

CANDIDATES FOR MATRIMONY

CHARACTERS IN LITERATURE who would be desirable as husbands or wives pour in. The Richmond "Virginian" advises any man reader to hunt for an AGNES, and if he cannot find her to avoid the mistake of DAVID COPPERFIELD, refrain from choosing DORA. The "Times-Union" of Jacksonville, Fla., observes:

COLLIER'S WEEKLY thinks a woman would expect PORTIA to make the best wife, while a man would choose VIOLA or JULIET, but COLLIER's is usually in the wrong. The sapient editor himself takes a look at CLEOPATRA, chooses CORDELIA, and thinks reason would lead a young man to let his father select a wife for him. VIRGILIA, wife of CORIOLANUS, is picked by a man well versed in SHAKESPEARE, and DESDEMONA by another. A particularly well-read person thinks that in all English literature ELIZABETH of "Pride and Prejudice" would suit him best. VIOLA he rejects on the ground that he does not care for a home flooded with poetry. Of the women readers, one goes to "The Tale of Two Cities" to reform SYDNEY CARTON; another is attracted by LYDGATE in "Middlemarch"; one likes JOHN RIDD in "Lorna Doone"; one selects the hero of "John Halifax, Gentleman"; and one takes WALLACE of "Scottish Chiefs." A man thinks the ladies would like HOTSPUR, but advises them to try the BRUTUS of "Julius Caesar." BRUTUS, like HAMLET, strikes us as too contemplative to capture the general untrained female imagination, which usually desires in one form or another the warrior type. Of course women actually marry every type, as men do, but there is a prevailing ideal, and a charming literary essay could be written, by MONTAIGNE or CHARLES LAMB, on desirable consorts to be found in books.

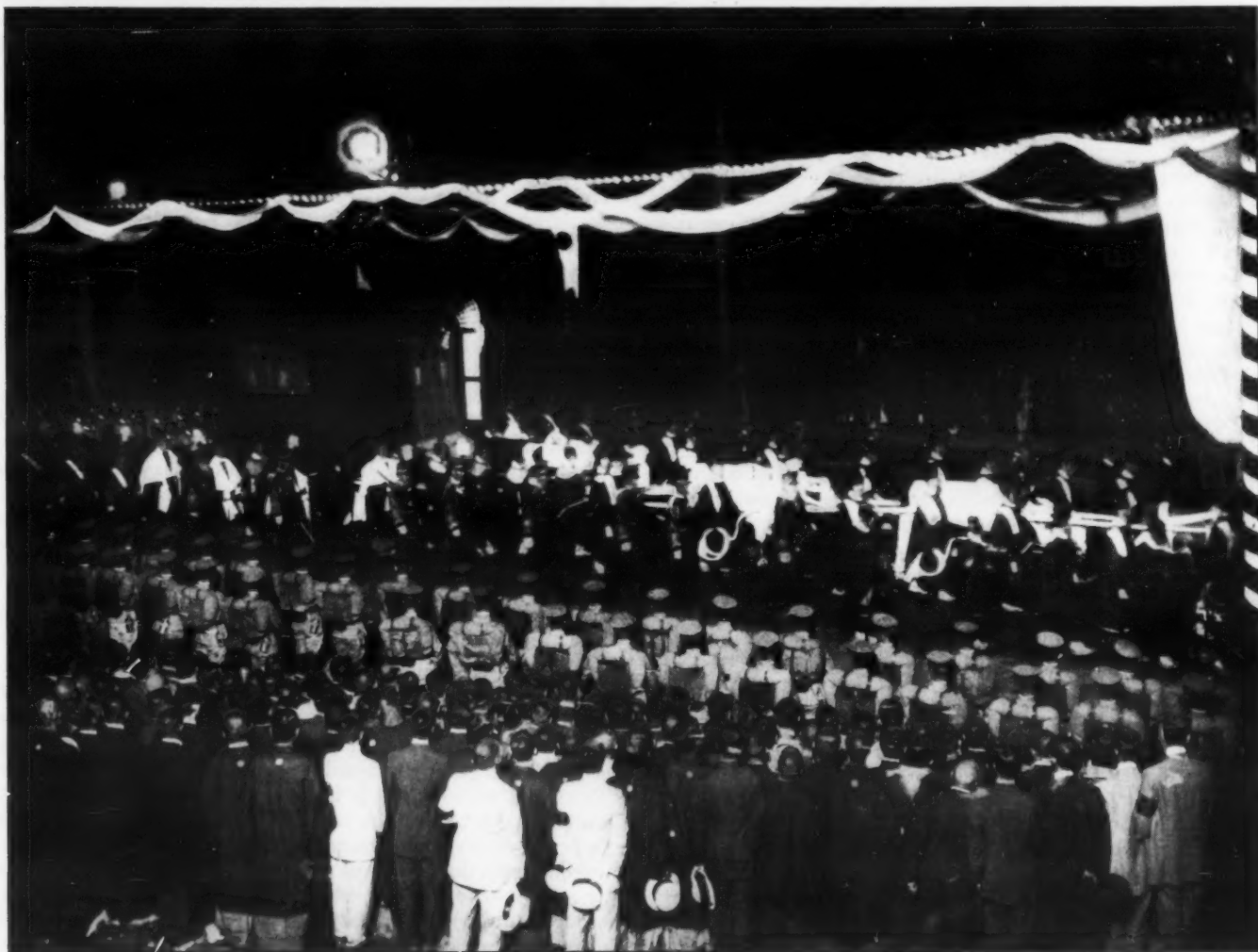
WHO CHOOSES?

"MAN AND SUPERMAN" is back on the stage of this country now — SHAW's rollicking picture of the woman relentlessly pursuing and obtaining the man who appears to her fitted to be her mate and the father of her children. The prevailing convention once was that the man selected the girl, who usually was reluctant. Between that view and SHAW's is ours — that it is in general not a pursuit at all, but a head-on collision; not a conscious choice, but a desire. Taking only those cases, however, which do involve intelligent, conscious selection, and subsequent angling, who does the most of it? Our guess would be that the clearest cases of selection, for excellent reasons, were by women, who have more often a clearer idea of what they need than young men have; but that, as under our present economic system the man still usually "supports" the family, the woman still hangs back on the average, waiting modestly for the man to choose. In the future men will choose more intelligently, and less for looks; but women, as they get more public recognition and pecuniary independence for their share of the world's work, will assume more leadership in selection. They have the heavy burden of reproduction, and the complex adjustment to it, and they will probably always have more sense about husbands than men will ever have about wives.



Suffrage in Wales

The path of the suffragette in Wales is more stormy even than the same path in Ireland and in England. The excitable Welsh populace have not the easy tolerance of the English. During Mr. Lloyd-George's speech at Llanystymdwy, a suffragette interrupted the proceedings and attempted violence. She was attacked by the crowd and was being mobbed when official rescuers reached her. The police had a difficult time protecting her from serious injury. The picture shows the policeman covering her face with his hands to shield her from blows



The Funeral of the Emperor Mutsuhito

The veneration in which he was held by his people was displayed when the body of the late Emperor of Japan was taken through the streets of Tokyo on its final journey to the ancient capital, Kyoto. Dense throngs of mourners lined the way. The coffin, on a car drawn by five oxen, was escorted by the whole of the Guards' Division and by a naval guard of honor of 10,000 men. The procession moved first from the Palace to the Aoyama parade ground, where the new Emperor made an affecting address of lamentation

What It's All About

By MARK SULLIVAN

THE most remarkable phenomenon of half a generation in American politics is the existence of a new political party, supplanting large fractions of both the old parties, and taking, within a few weeks of its birth, a position as one of the two great parties of the nation—this and the other fact that is fundamentally bound up with it, the candidacy of Mr. Roosevelt for a third term. The causes which enter into such a situation are necessarily complex and various, and many of them trail back over a long period of time. To pick out any one of these and call it the leading one necessarily involves an exercise of judgment with which others may differ; the writer of this page would assign as the most important single element a case at law to which, conceivably, future historians may attach some of the importance of the Dred Scott decision.

For many years social workers and all other persons who take a humanitarian interest in their fellow human beings deplored the lack in New York (and in practically every other State as well) of an employees' compensation act. To state this in simpler terms: If a worker was crippled in the course of his employment, without negligence, by one of the ordinary hazards of his work, he had no redress; he got no money from his employer or from any other source—he and his family became alms seekers. Year after year efforts were made to pass a law that would remedy this; year after year the effort was defeated by the corporations, sometimes working through the Democratic party, sometimes through the Republican party, always having enough members in their pay to defeat the bill. Finally, the friends of the bill, backed by powerful public opinion, got as far as a comparatively mild concession: a legislative commission was appointed to study the question. The commission happened to be strong in its personnel and had able counsel. The Court of Appeals, in that later decision which is the ultimate subject of this page, conceded that "no word of praise could overstate the industry and intelligence of the commission." The commission framed a bill; it was a very mild bill and was meant to be only a beginning. It applied only to a severely limited class of workmen, workmen in trades in which, to quote the words of the act itself, "extraordinary risks to the life and limb of workmen engaged therein are inherent, necessary, or substantially unavoidable." Specifically, the act named workers on steam trains, electric cars, on high scaffolds, elevators, and derricks.

This act was introduced into the New York Legislature; after much debating, it was passed and signed by Governor Hughes. It was a law; the moral sense of the community had been enacted into a statute. Let us now see what happened to it:

Earl Ives was a switchman working for the South Buffalo Railway Company and receiving a usual wage. On September 2, 1910 (a few months after the act for the benefit of him and others like him had

been passed), Ives was at his usual work. The following is the official legal description of what happened: (The railway company, in the suit that followed, formally admitted "each and every allegation," so that there was never any dispute about the facts.)

"While so engaged, plaintiff stood on about the thirty-second car of said train, and gave a signal to the engineer of the locomotive attached to said train to take up the slack in the train, and that upon the engineer so doing the jar in taking up the slack caused plaintiff to be thrown to the ground. . . ."

Pause here while the thing that happened is vivid in your mind and reflect on this question, which is the root of the whole matter: Would you personally prefer that Ives himself should bear the entire cost of this accident, the loss of pay while out of work, the doctors' bills, and all? Or would you prefer that the South Buffalo Railway should pay it and charge it up to you and your neighbors in the shape of your share of the added freight rates, say a thousandth of a cent in the course of a year. The later decision of the Court of Appeals of New York, hostile as it was, admitted the theory of the law, which had been passed to protect Ives and others like him:

"There can be no doubt [this is the language of the hostile court] of the theory of this law. It is based upon the proposition that the inherent risks of an employment should in justice be placed upon the shoulders of the employer, who can protect himself against loss by insurance, and by such an addition to the price of his wares as to cast the burden ultimately upon the consumer; that indemnity to an injured employee should be as much a charge upon the business as the cost of replacing disabled or defective machinery, appliances, or tools."

Mark that point: if a machine is broken, the employer pays; if it's a human being, the employer need not pay.

"That under our present system the loss falls immediately upon the employee, who is almost invariably unable to bear it, and ultimately upon the community, which is taxed for the support of the indigent. . . ."

Note that last point carefully. Note two things about it: note, first, that the present system does the incredibly brutal thing, "compels decent, self-respecting men, with their wives and children, through no defect in their own characters, to become seekers of alms. Note, secondly, that you pay anyhow. Which would you prefer, to pay in the shape of an extra half cent a year for the clothes you wear, or pay in the shape of taxes to support almshouses? And bear in mind that what you pay now is more. The Court of Appeals admitted that, too. The very next sentence of their decision said:

"... Our present system is uncertain, unscientific, and wasteful, and fosters a spirit of antagonism between employer and employee which it is for the interest of the State to remedy."

These words are not those of any social worker, not of any advocate of Employees' Compensation Acts, but of the very court which in the next breath decided in substance that the people of New York had not the power to change the very conditions which they admitted were intolerable.

But let us follow the orderly history of the

Ives case. In the lower court the switchman won; the case was put through promptly because both sides wanted a final decision which would settle the law forever. In the Court of Appeals it ceased to become merely a case between a railroad and one of its switchmen; it was recognized that a vital principle of public morality was involved, and the same humanitarian organizations which had worked to pass the law now intervened before the court with briefs in its favor.

The court admitted the necessity for the law. Read their lumbering language:

"We desire to present no purely technical or hypercritical obstacles to any plan for the beneficent reformation of a branch of our jurisprudence in which, it may be conceded, reform is a consummation devoutly to be wished."

The court admitted further that:

"Our own system of dealing with industrial accidents is economically, morally, and legally unsound."

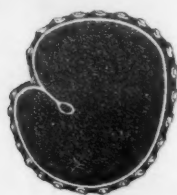
But all these admitted considerations of public policy, justice, and world-wide conviction were set aside; the court conceded them all, but solemnly declared they were

"subordinate to the primary question whether they can be molded into statutes without infringing upon our own written Constitution."

The court decided that the Ives family could get no redress—that was a small matter perhaps, merely one more case of individual suffering; it decided that the law was unconstitutional—that is a phrase. But the court went further and said in substance that such cases as Ives's must go on forever, that the Legislature and people of New York never can pass such a law.

The feeling with which thoughtful men received this decision, thoughtful judges and teachers of law among them, can hardly be described as indignation; it was something deeper, slower moving, and more irresistible than that. No one was more stirred than Mr. Roosevelt. There appeared in the "Outlook" a powerful editorial entitled "Can a Free People be Free?"

It was this decision and the blank wall it presented to progress that caused Mr. Roosevelt to invent the idea which was quite generally called "the recall of judicial decisions." And the recall of judicial decisions means, not what its enemies and Mr. Roosevelt's have said; it does not mean appealing from the umpire to the bleachers; it does not mean that the question shall be referred to the people whether Earl Ives shall get a certain sum of money from the South Buffalo Railway; what is to be referred to the people under this theory is the general question whether the Employees' Compensation Law shall stand or be null and void. And, in a democracy, that question should be decided by no other power. It was this case and the theory of the recall of judicial decisions that inspired Mr. Roosevelt's speech to the Ohio Constitutional Convention the day before he "threw his hat into the ring." More than any other immediate thing, this case inspired the candidacy for the Presidency which finally resulted in the existence of the Progressive party.



An Umpire's American League Team

By WILLIAM EVANS



PICKING an all-star team is merely a matter of opinion. A star in the eyes of one critic may look only ordinary to another. Perhaps no one in baseball is in a better position to judge the relative merits of the various players than the umpire. The judges of play see the various teams in action in 154 games, contested under all kinds of conditions. Undoubtedly no field of sport offers a greater opportunity for diversity of opinion than baseball. Thus it is very questionable, if it would be possible, for anyone to select an all-star aggregation that would meet with popular approval.

Not caring to parade my opinion alone on an all-star team, I called on the judgment of the nine other men who make up the American League staff of umpires. Nothing proves more the difference of opinion that can exist than the selections of the men who judge play in the younger major organization. No two umpires selected exactly the same team. The selections offered above are a composite selection of the players favored by the various officials.

On five of the positions of the mythical All-American team there was a unanimity of opinion. On four positions—first base, second base, catcher, and shortstop—the judges of play differed to a certain extent. Three arbitrators looked on Oscar Stanage of the Detroit Club as the best receiver, while Ed. Sweeney, John Henry, and Bill Carrigan had two umpires each who espoused their cause. First-base honors were divided between Johnny McInnis of the Athletics and Hal Chase of the Highlanders. Five of the arbitrators leaned toward McInnis, while four favored the peerless Chase.

Shortstop honors found "Heinie" Wagner of the Red Sox, Jack Barry of the Athletics, George McBride of Washington, and Bobby Wallace of the lowly St. Louis Browns with their champions. Four liked Wagner best, three regarded Jack Barry as the leader, while two favored McBride and Wallace. Third base also had its champions. Five of the umpires could see no one but "Home Run" Baker, while Larry Gardner and Eddie Foster had two each on their side. On the positions of pitcher, second base, and the outfield, all the umpires agreed on the same men.

In selecting a team of stars from the American League, the umpires considered 1912 form alone. Two years ago, if anyone asked any member of the American League, player or umpire, who was the greatest first baseman in that organization, without the slightest

which the Athletics triumphed. Jack Barry did not show his true form in 1912 because of a series of accidents, one a very serious injury to his shoulder. Just to illustrate this point, I mention a conversation that I had on the bench with Connie Mack during one of the final contests of the season. I was waiting for the bell to ring to start the game, and in the interim I

Weaver, Chapman, and McMillan appear to be youngsters of much promise. To Wagner, however, belong the laurels of the present season. His work at shortstop has been simply phenomenal. No one has been a more prominent factor in the success of the Boston Club than he." Then the bell rang, the discussion on shortstops ended, and the real battle was on.

Great catchers are a wonderful asset to any ball team. In baseball it is often related that no club ever won a pennant unless it was rich in catching material. A research of the records will bear out this statement to a large extent. The wonderful work of those two great young catchers, Henry and Ainsmith, ably assisted by Williams, was a great aid to Clarke Griffith at Washington. Jake Stahl will tell you that Carrigan, Cady, Nunamaker, and Thomas were of great aid to his club in the fight for the pennant.

Oscar Stanage, who was favored by a majority for the stellar honors among the backstops, is an ideal catcher. Endowed with a splendid physique, he is an excellent mark for the pitchers to shoot at. It is surprising what part this plays in a pitcher's control. His judgment of batters would be hard to improve upon. He has a grand throwing arm and is a very fair hitter. His only fault is a slowness of foot.

Of the star pitchers, Walter Johnson is the master twirler. I have never yet heard anyone closely connected with the game deny the wonderful prowess of the Washington speed merchant. He has terrific speed, a good curve, and a nice slow ball.

Hughey Jennings's comment on Johnson, in relation to the great Amos Rusie, is of interest.

"Most of the old-timers will tell you that no one was ever as fast as Rusie, but I must take issue with my former comrades on the field. I believe Walter Johnson is the speediest pitcher that has ever stepped on the rubber. I have batted against Rusie when he was in his prime, but Amos never showed me as much stuff as I have seen Johnson dish up to my players. You must also remember that Rusie pitched from a distance considerably closer to the plate than Johnson, which, of course, made him look faster.

Despite his wonderful stock in trade, Johnson has no greater asset than his even disposition. Nothing worries him. He never fumes at the umpires. Errors by his team mates do not peeve him in the least. He is a glutton for work and game to the core. In a pinch he always shows to the best advantage. Pitchers



Oscar Stanage
Catcher,
Detroit



Walter Johnson
Pitcher,
Washington



Frank Baker
Third Base,
Philadelphia



Eddie Collins
Second Base,
Philadelphia

watched the Athletics at fielding practice. Barry was evidently on edge, for he was constantly pulling off some kind of a phenomenal play. While marveling at his work, I looked in the direction of Connie Mack,

Catcher	Stanage	Detroit
Pitcher	Johnson	Washington
Shortstop	Wagner	Boston
First Base	McInnis	Athletics
Second Base	Collins	Athletics
Third Base	Baker	Athletics
Right Field	Cobb	Detroit
Center Field	Speaker	Boston
Left Field	Jackson	Cleveland
Utility Infielder	Barry	Athletics
Utility Outfielder	Milan	Washington

the strategic leader of the Athletics. Connie was evidently intent on Barry's play, from the conversation that followed.

"What a wonderful shortstop, Connie," I remarked after Barry had pulled off a particularly remarkable play.



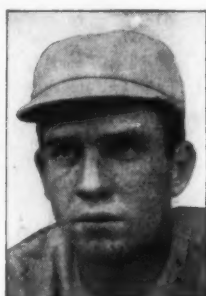
Johnny McInnis
First Base
Philadelphia



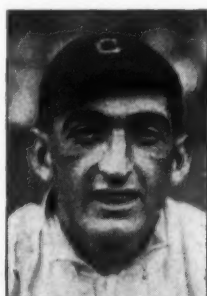
"Heinie" Wagner
Shortstop,
Boston



Tyrus Cobb
Outfielder,
Detroit



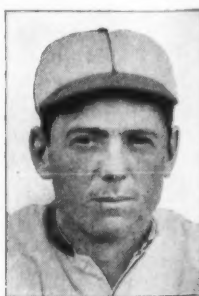
Tris Speaker
Outfielder,
Boston



Joe Jackson
Outfielder,
Cleveland



Jack Barry
Shortstop,
Philadelphia



Clyde Milan
Outfielder,
Washington

hesitation the reply would have been: "Why, Hal Chase, of course; he is the greatest first baseman in the world." The Hal Chase of the past two years, however, has not been the Hal Chase of old. Injuries and very serious illness have severely handicapped his work. In fact, when one considers Chase's condition, it is really remarkable the ball he has played. I have seen Chase play day after day on his nerve alone.

If, at the close of the 1911 season or the World Series, some one had inquired as to the greatest shortstop in the American League, he would have received the same reply from everyone connected with the organization, "Jack Barry." Barry's work during the seasons of 1910 and 1911 was the feature of the Athletics' play. No one man contributed more to the success of Connie Mack's club than the brilliant shortstop. Frank Chance of the Cubs and John McGraw of the Giants were free to admit that Barry was the man who broke up many of their best-laid plans in the two series in

"The greatest shortstop in the world," suggested one of the Athletic players who was sitting near by on a bench. All the time Mack was listening and watching.

"Yes, Jack is the greatest shortstop in the world this afternoon," added Connie. "What a difference it would have made if he had been in shape to play that kind of ball all year," sighed the tall leader of the two-times champions of the world. Evidently he was thinking of a hope blasted, the winning of the greatest honor in baseball the third time in succession.

When he offers an opinion on any subject pertaining to baseball, you may rest assured it is worth while. I was an attentive listener to his comment on the play of the wonderful Barry. Anxious to know what shortstop Connie looked on with most favor, I asked him to whom he thought the 1912 honors belonged.

"The American League is rich in shortstops," said Connie. "Barry, Wallace, McBride, Bush, and Wagner are brilliant performers in the veteran class, while

of the Johnson type are few and far between. Ed. Walsh is a wonder with the spitball, Vean Gregg is a grand left-hander, Joe Wood and Jack Coombs are stars, but there is just one Walter Johnson. That is what they all say.

Just to illustrate what sort of a chap Johnson is, I quote a little happening of the past summer:

Johnson, with sixteen consecutive victories to his credit, threatened to tie, if not surpass, the wonderful achievement of "Rube" Marquard in winning nineteen straight games. Johnson had scored his sixteenth win over Detroit. St. Louis followed Detroit into Washington. Then, in the seventh inning of a St. Louis game, with Washington one run in the lead, Johnson was sent to the rescue of Hughes, who had gotten into trouble. When Johnson went on the mound there were men on first and second and one out. A wild pitch moved up the runners a base, and a single sent the two men over the pan with the runs that won the game.

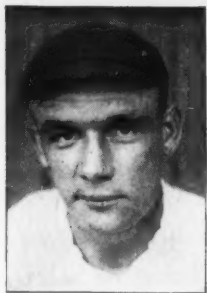
(Concluded on page 34)



Jimmy Archer
Catcher,
Chicago



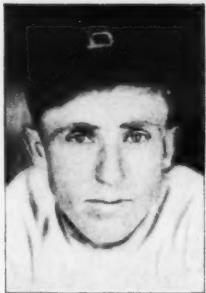
"Chief" Meyers
Catcher,
New York



Richard Marquard
Pitcher,
New York



"Jeff" Tesreau
Pitcher,
New York



"Nap" Rucker
Pitcher,
Brooklyn



Christy Mathewson
Pitcher,
New York



Hans Wagner
Shortstop,
Pittsburgh

Another Selection From The National League

By WILLIAM J. KLEM

MY JOB, umpiring in a big league, calls for "tough decisions" right along, but not many of them are tougher than the task of picking an all-star team from among 150 ball players good enough to get this far along in their profession.

But as every fan has an opinion on this subject, an umpire, who works among them all and at much closer range, should be entitled to give his opinion as well. I haven't any prejudices on the subject, no one to favor or to knock, but I will pick the team that I would rather own or manage from National League players if I had first choice from the field.

The National League has had a good, well-played season through 1912, with many veterans still in great form and a big crop of youngsters coming forward. In looking over the list, I believe I can pick a team well able to take care of itself against the field—or against any other team picked from any other league.

Starting out with the catchers, I don't believe I have ever seen a season where there were more first-class men. Among the veterans and near-veterans we have Bresnahan, Kling, Doolin, McLean, Archer, Meyers, and Gibson. Among new men who have come forward we have Kelley of Pittsburgh, Killifer of Philadelphia, Clarke of Cincinnati, and Wingo of St. Louis. But, after all, there are two men that outclass the others in almost every way upon 1912 form.

The first is James Archer, the Cubs' great receiver; the other is "Chief" Meyers, the slugging backstopper of the Giants. Archer is the greatest catcher of them all—brainy, active, sure, and quick with his arm and a dangerous man in the pinches. I have seen him break up game after game by his hitting and save game after game by his individual work back of the bat.

"Chief" Meyers of the Giants is not as active a catcher as Archer, but he is an even better batsman and almost as steady in other ways. With Archer and Meyers on guard the only problem would be as to which of the two I should give most work.

THE PITCHERS AND THE INFIELD

IN MY opinion the New York pitching staff was one of the big factors in the Giants' success. Marquard first put them out in front, Mathewson helped hold them there, and Tesreau did the rest, coming through in time to give the final boost under the wire. So in picking my pitchers I would turn to New York first. Alexander, Hendrix, Richie, Sallee, Suggs, Benton, and others are all first-class men. But if I had McGraw's three stars, with "Nap" Rucker added, I wouldn't worry much about the box. And in the list I would place Rucker first, as, in my opinion, he is one of the greatest left-handers ever developed, and with a winning team would be almost unbeatable.

Marquard did some wonderful pitching in the first three months of the race. I worked behind him and

Catchers	Archer Meyers	Chicago New York
Pitchers	Mathewson Marquard Tesreau Rucker	New York Brooklyn Brooklyn New York
First Base	Daubert	Chicago
Second Base	Doyle	Pittsburgh
Third Base	Zimmerman	Cincinnati
Shortstop	Wagner	Philadelphia
Outfield	Bescher Magee Wilson Schulte	Pittsburgh Chicago Chicago Boston
Utility Infielder	Sweeney	Boston

know what he "had on the ball." And, believe me, it was a lot. As for Mathewson, he looked about the same—maybe a little bit slower, maybe with a little less curve—but still a wonderful artist, and one always in there working the right way.

I have never seen a youngster show more than Tesreau, and in my opinion he will be one of the greatest pitchers ever developed by the end of another year. Tesreau has far more speed than most people think he has, as his immense bulk gives a false impression in this respect. And I have found him to be game and always working with good judgment. I have worked behind them all—have seen everything they had to show—and at the end I'll take Mathewson and Tesreau for my right-handers, Rucker and Marquard for my southpaws and call it even.

It didn't take me many minutes to figure out the list wanted for infield work. Merkle, Konetchy, Hohlitzel, Saier, and Luderus are first-class first basemen, but Jake Daubert is the best man in the league at this job. Daubert is quick, a wonderful infielder, a high-grade man with the bat, and a tall hustler. I've seen him save too many games almost unaided not to know his worth.

Second base settles quickly between Larry Doyle of New York and Johnny Evers of Chicago. Evers is a great ball player, one who has had a fine season in every way. But to my mind Doyle is one of the most valuable ball players I ever saw. He can hit, field, run bases, and the rest of it; and, better still, is always in there fighting through every second of every game. He never slows up, never loafs, and knows how to pull his infield together and carry the rest of them along. I've seen a good many second basemen in my time, but none that I would rather have than Doyle.

Moving over toward shortstop, there isn't much to say except Wagner. For all-round value—for all that goes into the make-up of a wonderful artist—Pittsburgh's wonderful Dutchman hasn't a rival. I have seen him make plays that I knew were impossible—and make them look easy. I have seen him tried at every turn of the game, and while he has made his errors, I have yet to see him make the wrong play. Twenty seasons haven't shown another like him. And I doubt if twenty more seasons will come any closer to the answer. Tinker, Doolan, and Fletcher are all wonderful shortstops well above the average, but there is only one Wagner.

Added to Daubert, Doyle, and Wagner comes Zimmerman of the Cubs. Herzog of New York and others may outfield this Chicago player, but a man who can hit like Zimmerman and hold his own at third is good enough for me. He isn't the best third baseman I have ever seen, but what is more to the point, he is one of the most valuable. In my opinion, Zimmerman did more toward putting the Cubs up in the race this season and holding them there than any other one man.

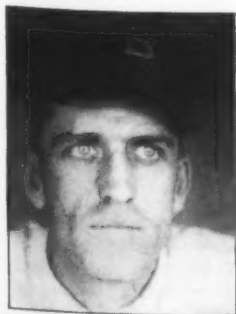
Another thing about Zimmerman is the factor that he has played his best ball in the closest games, and against New York and Pittsburgh, Chicago's hardest rivals. He will make his error here and there, but he will also hit them all—and drive in double the number of runs he may lose at third.

My choice for utility infielder is Sweeney of Boston, a driving hitter, a fine second baseman, and a brainy, scrappy worker. Sweeney could fill any infield gap, and fill it nicely. And he can always hit.

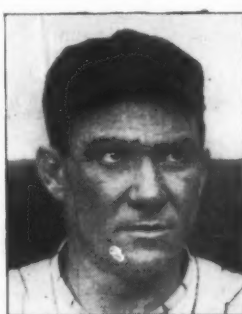
THE OUTFIELD

THERE are any number of good outfielders to pick from—good, steady men who would hold their own against any field. In the list I find Wilson, Bescher, Schulte, Marsans, Wheat, Magee, Murray, Sheckard, and a dozen more. This selection is the hardest of them all to make; but in the end I believe I would be well enough satisfied with Bescher of Cincinnati in left, Magee of Philadelphia in center, and Wilson of Pittsburgh in right, with Frank Schulte of Chicago next choice as utility candidate. These four have something on the others for all-round value. Bescher, a good hitter and a grand outfielder, is the best base runner in his league. Magee has pursued an entirely different course this season, and has done fine work. He is a fine man with the bat and a brilliant outfielder. Wilson of Pittsburgh can hit, field, and throw, and he is far from being slow on his feet. I have seen of just what value each outfielder has been to his club all the year, and it is from this that I make my choice.

There may be a better pick, but not from the work I have followed closely from close range all the year. And while I have been forced to leave out many stars, those selected belong slightly above their team mates.



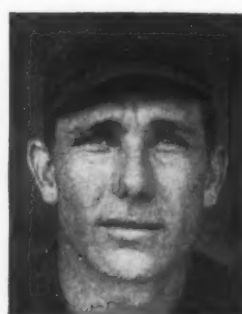
Jake Daubert
First Base,
Brooklyn



Larry Doyle
Second Base,
New York



"Heinie" Zimmerman
Third Base,
Chicago



Robert Bescher
Outfielder,
Cincinnati



Sherwood Magee
Outfielder,
Philadelphia



"Chief" Wilson
Outfielder,
Pittsburgh



The Humble Opinions of A Flatfoot

*Frank Criticism and Intimate Pictures of
Our Navy by a Bluejacketed "Gob"*

I—Target and Battle Practice

*The letters published here were written by a sailor aboard one
of the battleships of the Atlantic Fleet to an
author whose books he admires*

SKETCHES BY HENRY REUTERDAHL



DEAR BLANK—"Uniform same as yesterday"—it is Easter Sunday, but we don't blossom out on gala days in this outfit. It is fine weather, however, and the air here on the Southern Drill Grounds, off the Capes of Virginia, would shame the air in any church in Christendom.

At 7 A. M. the firing squadron got under way—it was target practice. We were stake ship this morning, and defined the range. The *Mississippi* towed the targets, and as soon as the third division of ships cleared the line between us and the *Minnesota* (the other station ship), the five ships of the firing line opened up with broadsides from all their twelve-inch turrets.

Target practice in the Atlantic fleet is a grand sight, and not to be comprehended at all from the moving-picture samples.

Of course the whole spectacle is meaningless; it is all raw physics, a drama of the elements, Nitrogen starring, but a sudden, noisier, more violent liberation of material force couldn't be wished for in anything that is to be gaped at and wondered at. And at the same time, modern gunnery shows an unparalleled antithesis of violence and control. Our range finders, with their closely figured angles, have robbed geometry of all its innocence. Our guns hit! And they would hit a hundred times oftener if lined up against a battleship, instead of a tiny little target screen at a distance of twelve and fourteen thousand yards.

NOWADAYS it isn't a question of keeping your powder dry. Our guncotton is all used wet, except for the primer. The lenses of the telescopic sights and range finders are the things to keep dry.

Our target practice is all done in formation at a speed of fifteen knots, and at the proper distance the target division tows the targets. The distance between ships in column (that of the firing division) is five hundred yards, and this is the best distance to witness the firing. When our own ship is firing, the jolt is too great, and the air gets full of smoke and bits of the powder bags, so that there is no fun in it.

But it is a great sight to see the ship ahead of us fire. The smokeless-powder smoke is yellowish, and not at all dense, as you see it in the photographs. And pictures miss the incandescence that rolls out in a great cloud as the gun is fired. The smoke you see in pictures is a yellow sheet of fire at the instant of discharge, then instantly it begins to cool and changes to yellowish smoke. It is not a flash, but a big curling wave of fire.

It is another day of target practice. This time our ships have the rafts in tow. The squadron that is to fire is far away on the horizon but coming closer every minute. Soon the gray column steams up on the firing line. We need but one glance at the billowy volumes of smoke pouring out from their stacks to realize the speed being forced into these huge masses of steel.

Now they are in range. A red flag flutters up the mast of the leader. It is the firing signal—a knife thrust of flame leaps out at the same instant—a ranging shot. It falls short—the spotters make an estimate, while the tall white fountain of spray still hangs in the air over where the shell hit. The next shot will know better where the target lies.

THE spotting shots over, the whole thundering column is at it hammer and tongs. These grim dreadnoughts, silent so long, are now alive. Now they begin to talk up: this is their life. A big, spiteful lick of flame tells us of each shot fired. In firing salvos the firing ship is veiled for an instant in a fierce yellow curtain of flame like a flag thrown to the wind and as quickly whisked away. The firing squadron is fifteen thousand yards away, but the sharp, heavy jolt of noise these guns make has a vitality that reaches. First a sharp, stinging report, then it reverberates like distant thunder and sometimes ends in a peculiar *crunch* that damps it altogether. The targets are screens of wood with battens—strips of light wood nailed across like lathing—the frame secured to a heavy towing raft. The rafts are towed four hundred yards astern of the towing ship. When the distance to the firing ship is so great, you can realize how small the angle is that would train

the shells on the towing ship, especially when the windage and deflection are almost unknown quantities when the first spotting shots are fired. Well, three times, so far, in target practice we have had shells whiz across our quarter-deck.

Of course, everyone in the ship's company laughs hard at such things. I know I laughed as hard as anyone, but I couldn't help but think—supposing just one man was slightly injured! Not a great strain on the imagination to bring the shells down a few feet lower. What a change in the psychology of the situation!

I saw a fellow knocked over the side by a coal bag, a couple of months ago. (He was found a week later washed up on the beach.) And I hated to see the effect of the mere close idea of death. Isn't there a



"What are you giving orders for? You are dead!"

hailstorm of death all over the surface of the earth? What if it does strike close?

These ships are big murdering machines. They are all on the side of killing and death. What place has mild paths behind these guns?

The Aztecs used to restrain themselves from exterminating their weaker neighbors, so as not to spoil their annual war games. A genuine fighting nation should keep in the element. A good war would be the finest thing that could happen to our navy, from the standpoint of efficiency.

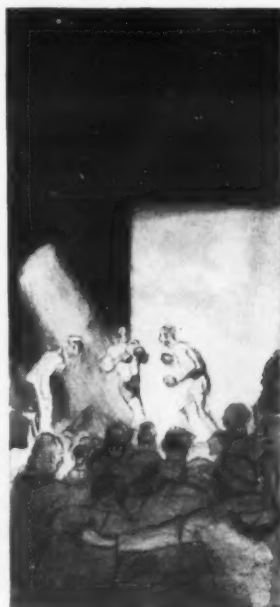
BATTLE PRACTICE

DEAR BLANK—We have just got through a long, hard week of battle practice. I don't know how much or how little interest the public really takes in this topic—it is sometimes inked up heavy in the papers, but is too anemic for people brought up on civil-war histories. Still, the amount of coal we consume should interest everybody. Let me include another "nevertheless" to the effect that Nietzsche (a fine word for drill message) says what man likes most is the most dangerous toy.

We split up into forces—the Red Force and the Blue Force. Each is made up of four dreadnoughts, four battleship cruisers, and eight torpedo-boat destroyers.

The destroyers cannot stand very heavy

*Some fine champion
bouts; they are
refereed by some
cool-headed officer*



weather, but are wonders for speed, and on a dark night are almost invisible. So they are excellent pickets and scouts before an engagement, and in opening an action can cut a path through a mine field, leaving a safe wake for the battleship column, and during a battle have all the agility of a picador, not to speak of their deadliness. It is only a fair compliment to their value in action that our ship carries sixteen six-inch guns and six three-inch guns—all these together constituting our defense battery.

In our game, the destroyers were naturally used as a screen. At night they formed a network of pickets, and even on a bright moonlit night their presence on the flank had to be taken on trust. That is, without the aid of searchlights. But as soon as an enemy is positively ascertained to be within range a blaze of light is thrown upon it, and it becomes a beautiful target.

Our night steaming formation consisted of a main column of battleships, a vanguard and rear-guard of destroyers, outposts of battleships on each flank, and destroyers for pickets beyond the outposts. The order for steaming at night prescribes that ships be completely darkened—no running lights and no signals except those absolutely necessary.

TO PREVENT our firing on our own outposts and pickets, a recognition signal is provided, a blinker light in a tube screened with six layers of cheesecloth. Now, if we are uncertain whether a ship is a friend or enemy, we point this tube at it and it answers with the proper flashes from a similar tube. In such a case if no answer comes back we fire a green star from Very's pistol, turn on all our searchlights and train all our guns, and the bugler blows the call for "Commence firing!" Then the enemy is required by the rules of the game to turn on her running lights and steam out of range. But if she gets well within range before discovery she fires a red star, turns her searchlights on us, and we are done for. Our ship was an outpost in our left formation and we always spotted the enemy first, but the *Minnesota*, our sister outpost, was blown up by torpedoes. What she needed was not thicker armor, but a better grade of binoculars. But, taken altogether, our "night screen" was a complete success.

Of course, a battleship, once she turns on her searchlights, makes herself a perfect target, but it is figured out that only five per cent of torpedoes fired at full range will hit. A torpedo is very erratic, and will sometimes turn back and hit the ship it was fired from. And all the time a torpedo boat is advancing it is exposed to an awful fire from a battleship's secondary battery. It is taken for granted in our war games that once a destroyer has come within range she cannot reasonably be supposed to escape. She can give her little jolt and that is the end of her.

In night maneuvers, it is all a matter of efficient lookout service. Of course, the ships also get good practice in steaming in formation without running lights, the searchlight crews get well under control, and the fire control system gets exercised in estimating ranges the instant the searchlights pick up a target. Then, too, the guns are all manned, the telescopic sights being used in exploring the horizon for the enemy, and once an enemy's ship is picked up and illuminated by searchlights all the operations of pointing, loading, and firing are carried through with dummy shells and a subcaliber rifle mounted on the gun to get the gun crew used to noise.

BUT at night there is no absolute scoring of points such as we have in our day-battle practice. In the daytime the signal "boy" comes to the front and looks out for the skipper. "Stand from under" if you don't get the flag hoists up with a rush. Every ship that we fire on must be indicated by a flag hoist. When the enemy's ship sees that we are firing on her, maybe you wonder how she can tell whether or not she is hit by our Christian Science shells. It's simple enough—there is a big sheet tabulating all the possible damages a ship might meet with when under fire—the strength of battery and different ranges in different columns—and each possible hit and resulting loss of speed, stability or fighting capacity—all the chances of war spelled out in terms of the spots on a pair of dice. These are thrown each

space of three minutes that a ship is under fire. If the dice declare her to be sunk she breaks the breakdown flag and sheers out of formation. She may only have different compartments flooded, lose one knot's speed, have the helm jammed, the conning tower shot away and all officers and men in it killed, the steering engine room disabled, different gun batteries out of commission, masts shot away and fire control disorganized, torpedo tubes damaged, etc.—and in every case must act accordingly. Once the skipper shouted up to the navigator, "What are you giving orders for? You are dead!" And we were sunk in the deep blue sea one day.

We use mines, too, to add to the fun—empty five-gallon oil tins painted black. If we run into one of these we suffer accordingly. One of the "problems" this week was to test out the interference of mines in battle maneuvers, how much they will stand in the way of our pretty formations. Another problem was the testing out of a "fast wing" of dreadnought cruisers, a new type of ship that we simulate by pasting the proper trademark on cruisers like the *North Carolina*.

A chart is made out every five minutes of the grouping of all the ships, the red and blue coloring showing the opposing forces. These charts are studied over after the fights. When the ships come in port in the bay, discussions are held at the officers' club. I overheard the captain say to the executive officer that last night's session was more fun than a barrel of monkeys.

Our fun is in the prolonged extra watches. The minute the enemy comes in sight the word is passed, "Signalmen take their battle stations," and we cart all our hundred and ten flags down—a set on the fo'castle and a set on the quarter-deck, and every time the turret is trained to the opposite beam we have to wrestle with our flag racks and get them across the lee side of the barbettes. Then, if the flags don't go up like sky-rockets at the least sound of an order from up above, it's all up with us—we are everything bad.

At captain's inspection this morning, the old man asked me how long I had been a signalman. I said since last June. He passed along. I didn't know whether he was going to bust me back to the decks or not. Well, my shoes were shined, I was shaved, and uniform spotless. He looked me all over. Maybe he is getting a bead on me.

More about this game in my next.

THE WAR GAME ENDS

DEAR BLANK—Well, our latest war game came to an end yesterday with a pitched battle on the open sea. Our squadron was supposed to be an invading force with an option on three points of attack—Ambrose Channel, Delaware Breakwater, or Cape Henry. We had been given time to lose ourselves from the defending force. At night we steamed without lights and during the day a rigorous lookout was kept for the enemy's scouts. They had laid a network of destroyers, and even with all that great length of seaboard to take account of we were neatly caught. This is a naval drill that is fine and profitable. It is easy to see what an excellent scouting instrument a torpedo destroyer has turned out to be. Every time we have war games they make rings around the fleet and no one the wiser.

Early yesterday afternoon we got the first sign that we were located. A lookout reported "Smoke ho!" on the port beam. A telescope showed up the tops of two cage masts sticking up from where they were sharply cut off by the line of the horizon. On the assumption that this ship was the van of the enemy's main column we changed course and made inward toward the coast. Here was where we ran our nose straight into trouble. We ran right into the main column—the other ship we had made out was only a scout.

We engaged battle, with Maxim silencers working marvelously. But these silent battles are far from being smokeless. When a ship puts on reserve speed to gain a position she becomes a black cloud of swirling smoke. If she hoists a flag signal no one can see it. And if it was real war we would think she was blowing up.

Well, it was a good, sharp battle—a fine drill—and we won.

Now we are going to Hampton Roads, and next comes target practice off Cape Henry.

THE SMOKER

DEAR BLANK—We are down here in Guantánamo Bay, Cuba, and to pass the time we had a smoker on our ship last night. The committee had passed the hat for all kinds of funds: there is nobody like a bluejacket for being free-handed in the interests of a jolly good time. You



You will run across bluejackets in the art gallery

hear a lot about the rough times we have. But it is a thing to open your eyes to see how the bunch here can forget all these rough times all at one jump and be head over heels in any sport that comes their way.

Talk about a red-blooded gang of fellows! You will see a ship finish coaling—everybody black as the ace of spades and all played out at the end of the long, hard day. All played out? Well, just you pass the word for a visiting party to go to a smoker. The fellows wash up like magic, and you see them at the smoker all dolled up in their clean uniforms. A gentleman of leisure isn't in the race for looking fine and getting all the fun there is.

Well, our ship was "it" last night. A good feed, a classy amateur vaudeville, and some fine championship bouts. Maybe you

think prize fighting is vulgar. Maybe you think navy boxing is extra tough. If so, you are wrong. You are thinking of the "ring" as it is on the "outside," with its line-up of "rummies" and saloon keepers shouting and practicing profanity. With this picture in your mind our matches would look to you like some impossible dream.

The ship's carpenter rigs up an amphitheatre of benches on the fo'castle. It may be a hot night, but here is a breeze of fresh air—too much for the unlimited cigars and cigarettes that are passed around.

Every man present is in perfect uniform, smooth-shaven and sober. Down here in Cuba the uniform is always white, and it is a great sight to see this multitude of men all in white uniforms with black neckerchiefs—the uniforms snow-white, the faces brown and ruddy and eager for the fun. The officers look fine, too, and have as jolly a time as the men. Some of the officers bring their wives and lady friends, and, never fear! they will find nothing to be offended at. The bouts are refereed by a cool-headed officer—probably some ex-champion of the academy.

BETWEEN times we have our ship's band to help out, reinforced by talent from other ships.

But the finest feature of these smokers is the meeting of old shipmates who have been separated by transfers from ship to ship. Sometimes you have even forgotten there was such a fellow in creation, and then a glimpse of his face brings it all back. Or perhaps he was your one best side kicker when you went around the world on one of the old ships, and you talk over the times you had together in China.

I have friends all through the fleet. All kinds—but they all wear the blue and so do I—there is the tie.

Well, our smoker was a big success.

As the visiting parties left the gangway a good many hearty cheers went up by way of thanks for the good sport. Each ship tries to outdo the others in affairs of this kind. I guess they will have to go some to beat ours.

It only goes to show how slick a bluejacket is at inventing a good time when there is none in sight.

Believe me, we need what little fun we can get down here in Cuba. There is a lot of salt water between us and the States. The other night one of the ships got



up anchor and started back for the navy yard. It made us think of a lot of things to see her churning up the water, moving along silent and black-looking, but her running lights telling a story of going back home.

SHORE LIBERTY

DEAR BLANK—I want to tell you what shore liberty is to a bluejacket.

At last the old ship is standing in the harbor, and the word is passed: "Lay aft all the liberty party!" We shift into our dress blues in the twinkling of an eye. We line up on the quarter-deck and are inspected—our uniform must be clean and "regulation." The full pressure of the regulations squeezes down on us to the last minute.

But once on the dock, we are out of this caisson of rules, and a funny, loose feeling comes over us. Now we can do anything we please. The great free world has thrown open its doors. We think over all the things we might do, then we split the difference and go and buy a beer.

"I assure you all bluejackets act like perfect gentlemen when ashore"—so the young recruit wrote to his grandmother. It was an awful insult when men in uniform were debarred from admittance to certain dance halls and theatres. In the same way, if a man came to your house and smashed the furniture you would insult him dreadfully if you weren't hospitable to him thereafter.

We go ashore to explode—to tear loose. We have been in an ungodly sober frame of mind for a long space of time and we are going to get even. We do. There are more ways than one. Down in Buenos Aires



If the flags don't go up like skyrockets we are everything bad

there was a certain section so tough that it was a terror to the local police. Well, some one in one of the dives did a sailor "dirt." Then it was "Charge bayonets!" with bare fists, beer bottles, and chairs; and the American sailors cleaned out the section for further orders. I

may mention that the same improper frame of mind has been known to win famous victories.

But New York City is the burg—this is real pillage for the Goths.

The fleet comes ponderously up the North River, their mud hooks take a large jawful of New York mud, and in a matter of minutes the city is infested with blue uniforms. You will run across bluejackets in the art galleries; and as for you—you, of course, won't run across them in the rankest holes on the Bowery. In New York we see all points of historic interest—for instance, Tom Sharkey's joint.

ON the ship we are like children whose mothers are always saying "Mustn't, mustn't!" Ashore we can do as we please; a great and glorious privilege while it lasts.

You think of the freedom of the boundless sea—fine dope in poetry. But when a battleship is steaming four bells and a jingle on a great stretch of ocean entirely surrounded by fresh air, just remember that the ship represents several hundred hot spots of gray matter full of Broadway and such. After a few weeks out on the bounding main, I could write swell poetry about Times Square.

Talking of shore leave, our last was in Salem. And maybe we didn't own the town. I regret to say that some of the actions of bluejackets ashore offend certain good people. One "gob" had a great eye for comfort. He went into a millinery store, got into the show window, "flemished" down on a heap of spring bonnets, and nothing could disturb his peaceful slumbers. This was a novel way of advertising hats, and it drew the crowd. Another humorous sailor stalled a grocery wagon in the middle of a busy street and talked affectionately to the horse, calling it "Jimmy." One sailor, slightly intoxicated, was seen with bucket and swab going sailor-fashion at swabbing up the sidewalk in front of a saloon. The poor "gob" had the habit. It is a dirty trick for fate to get on your trail like that.

As to our spending money, it is "fire at will." What we don't spend we give away. All the bums of the town are our friends for life. They all used to be in the navy, all old shipmates, so they tell us. Our cash is as fidgety as the rest of us when we hit the beach. It goes for candy, miles of cigars, moving-picture shows, post cards, ginger-ale highballs, etc.

Don't think it isn't some sport to wear the uniform ashore. Other people are scowling along on business

Leave it to us to pick the strawberries in the patch

Nobs

Being the Accurate Record of the Experiences of Lord Montague Porringer in His Endeavor to Exploit the Nobility of England

V. The Macallum

THROUGH the little station of Achnacallum precisely four trains passed daily, two going south and two going north. Of these, two stopped at Achnacallum as it were spontaneously, and the other two if notice were given to the guard or half a crown to the station-master. It was, naturally, an event of some local importance when one of these trains was due, sometimes as many as six or seven persons gathering from the adjacent glens and assembling on the platform. At the very least, the station master always made a point of putting in an appearance on such occasions. But on a certain morning in June, just before the south-going train was due, the station of Achnacallum saw a quite exceptional scene of bustle and excitement. For an hour or two previously, stray clansmen had dropped in, or rather down, since the Macallum country towered high on all sides above the railway, all in their best clothes and with an air of quiet expectation, till nearly a dozen were assembled. Then up drove a carriage and pair laden with luggage, and out stepped a tall and brawny young man and an ancient and erect lady. The clansmen raised their hats respectfully as Callum Macallum of Callum, augustly styled "The Macallum," conducted his grandmother along the platform.

The old lady regarded the gathering with evident satisfaction.

"This is a very gratifying send-off for you, Callum," she said.

"Not so bad," said the chieftain circumspectly.

The old lady seemed equally pleased with the prudence of his reply. "Never give yourself away, nor anything else that you can help," had been the maxim on which (and porridge) she had brought him up.

"And now, Callum," she said to him earnestly as they stood waiting for the train, "you'll mind the warnings I've given you. London's a terrible place. It's fifty years since I was there myself, and, from all I can hear, it's got even worse since then. People will be trying to get money out of you just right and left. There are bad men waiting for the chance of getting hold of young men who have never been in the town before, and representing themselves to be this and that, friends of your family and what not, and just fairly cleaning you out if you trust a word they say!"

"I'm not likely to do that!" said the young chief with a stern smile.

"Well, Callum, I hope and pray you won't! You're going to London to get money, not to spend money. Mind that always! I'd never have let you go at all if the lawyers hadn't said it was necessary. But it can't be helped, and I've just got to trust to your sense."

"I think you can do that," said Macallum, modestly yet firmly.

At that moment the train came in, and with a last earnest word of advice the old lady bade a Spartan farewell to her grandson; the clansmen again saluted him, and he stepped resolutely into a first-class carriage. The question of which class he should travel had been debated by his grandmother for several weeks previously, his rent roll indicating third and his dignity first. Seeing the company which had assembled to do him honor, she could not feel too thankful that she had allowed dignity to carry the day. At the same time, just before the train moved off, she added a postscript of caution, reminding him in a whisper that people who traveled first class had to economize in other directions.

THE young chief, finding himself for the first time alone in one of these richly upholstered conveyances, and embarked on his first journey to London, naturally grew extremely thoughtful. Both his parents had died in his infancy, and The Macallum himself and his encumbered estate had during a long minority been managed by the capable dowager. He had not yet quite reached his twenty-first birthday, and it had been her intention that till that date, and if possible for long after, he should remain in the dignified seclusion of Castle Callum, thus maintaining inviolate his innocence of mind and simplicity of habit. But the business that required his presence in London concerned a legacy, and since something had to be risked, she prudently decided it should not be the money. It was a coura-



"Excuse me," said the host in an agitated voice, "but did Lord—that—er—gentleman pay you those £75?"

geous decision, considering what the temptations of a great city are to a youth of twenty, but the chieftain's reflections at this crisis were extremely reassuring. During all the hours he spent on the journey he only debated one question: How to escape being taken in by the unscrupulous inhabitants of the metropolis?

IN THIS commendable frame of mind he arrived at Fuller's Hotel, a quiet hostelry near Russell Square, ate a frugal meal, and retired early to bed. After breakfast, finding that newspapers were supplied by the management without extra charge, he was glancing down the columns of the "Morning Post," when he observed that among the notabilities whose arrivals in town were chronicled appeared the name of The Macallum at Fuller's Hotel. For a few minutes his pleasure was extreme, but this sensation was short-lived. The shocking thought struck him—"Now they all know I'm here; they know where to get at me; heaven help Macallum if his vigilance is relaxed!"

In this sober frame of mind he visited his lawyers and produced upon their minds the gratifying impression of being the most cautious young man who had ever baffled a solicitor (even his name and age were only extracted after a prolonged cross-examination). He then lunched at one of the Aerated Bread Company's establishments, visited the British Museum and National Gallery since he found it was a free day at both, and returned about tea time to his hotel.

There he picked up an evening paper and, in an even higher degree, experienced the same conflicting emotions. There was an article, half a column long, all about himself! It gave a really glowing account of the history of his famous race, the number of acres he possessed, the age and grandeur of his castle, and his own interesting personality. It made really very pleasant reading; but, then, what a dangerous amount of information it disseminated!

At that moment a servant approached him bearing a card on a salver. On it was engraved the name of "Lord Montague Porringer."

"The gentleman is waiting in the hall," said the servant.

The Macallum remained for several minutes in silent and intense thought. He was not much inclined to be impressed by the peerage, since he had been brought up to believe that their titles were all of comparatively recent origin, dating at the earliest from, say, the reign of the fifteenth chieftain of Macallum. At the same

By

J. S. CLOUSTON

ILLUSTRATED BY WALLACE MORGAN

time they were generally taken as implying a certain degree of respectability. He decided that it would be safe enough to see the man.

Lord Montague entered with his most gracious and smiling air, and introduced himself as a fifth cousin, a member of his mother's family having, he said, once married a lady of the famous race of Macallum. The young chief knew his pedigree by heart and made no comment on this statement. His manner, however, so to speak, contracted.

His lordship then proceeded to exhibit a remarkably intimate knowledge of the chieftain's circumstances, with the result that Macallum's replies became confined to monosyllables. Nothing discouraged, however, Lord Montague next alluded to the Macallum article in the evening paper, saying that it would immediately establish his young kinsman as a social celebrity, and adding with a significant smile that there were possibilities of making something substantial out of that nowadays. At this, for the first time, a faint hint of emotion was perceptible in the chief's countenance, and though it seemed of an ambiguous character and instantly vanished, his new friend was encouraged to still greater frankness.

"Who do you suppose, my dear fellow, wrote that article?" he inquired with a still more confidential smile.

Macallum deliberated over his answer.

"I don't know," he replied in a moment, adding to himself: "He won't get much out of that!"

Lord Montague laid his hand on his shoulder genially.

"I wrote it myself!"

The young chief's self-restraint was remarkable. Though this statement finally disposed of his visitor's claim to be a kinsman and a lord (since no one in either capacity could conceivably be imagined as contributing half a column to an evening paper), and though his sinister hand still lay on his shoulder, he never moved a muscle. All he did was to remark in a subdued voice: "Oh!"

"Yes, my dear Macallum, it is I who have made you a celebrity! And now, what about taking advantage of your fame?" He drew a chair close to The Macallum's side and continued confidentially: "I can lay my hand on fifty people in London who will give you anything from fifty to a hundred guineas for appearing at one of their entertainments! Dear old boy, how does that strike you?"

It seemed to strike the dear old boy dumb.

"You don't believe me? Well, I make you an offer on the spot. Got your kilt with you, by the way?"

The chief murmured something that seemed intended for assent.

"Well, then, you put it on and turn up at a certain house, which I'll name if you consent, at 10.30 to-night and I'll get you seventy-five guineas!"

The Macallum looked at him fixedly. Then, in a tone whose irony was so dry that it was lost upon a mere Englishman, he said:

"I'd like to be seeing some of that money."

"Now?"

"Aye," said the chief in the same tone.

LORD MONTAGUE drew out a crackly bit of paper. "Here's a beginning," he smiled.

The chief looked at it warily. It purported to be a £10 note. He rose with a firm and even menacing air.

"Just you wait here for a moment," he said; "I'm going to change this."

He smiled grimly as he went to the office. It was very likely they would change an imitation £10 note! And then should he hand the man over to the police for circulating false money, or just get rid of him quietly?

To his stupefaction he saw the sovereigns counted into his hand. He dropped them thoughtfully into his purse, buttoned it again into his secret inner pocket, and returned slowly and thoughtfully to his guest. This affair was deeper and darker even than he had suspected. Clearly he was going to be swindled; but how? What was the policy of this bogus kinsman? Suddenly he saw it in a flash: the man was going to start by giving him £10 and then ask him for £50 in return! The Macallum smiled again; he could meet him at that game!

When he rejoined Lord Montague the smile had gone and his face was a mask once more.

"Well," smiled his lordship, "got the ten golden quid? And now for making the other sixty-five; what?"

"Yes," said the chief grimly. "I'm wondering how that's to be done."

"Just as I told you. You turn up to-night in your war paint—kilt, sporran, dirk, and all the rest of it. No. 310 Cromwell Road, put in an hour there, and you'll get the money. The hosts, by the way, are the Montgomery-Cohen—Jews, of course, like many of my best clients, but you'll meet a very smart lot of 'em, and you can drink as much champagne as you like—that's thrown in!"

His lordship laughed pleasantly and seemed to assume that the arrangement was made. The chief, on the other hand, showed no such confidence.

"A very nice lot of people, you say?" he repeated in a odd tone. "You couldn't give me some of their names, I suppose?"

Lord Montague again became very confidential. "Between ourselves, my dear Macallum," said he, "I'm supplying all the celebrities myself, so I can tell you. You'll meet the Marquis of Orpington, Lord Rockingham, Lord Perivale, the Dowager Duchess of Guildford, Lady Fiddlewood, and Lady Gwendolen Harebell. We booked them all for to-night's show."

"And they're all getting paid?"

"Every one, my dear fellow; it's an everyday thing nowadays."

The Macallum pondered over this extraordinary story. That a gentleman or a lady should receive a monetary reward for rendering social services was, of course, out of the question; but what could be the man's game?

"You'll be there yourself, I presume?" he said presently.

"I? Well, my dear fellow, I'm getting to be a little too well known. It might be embarrassing to some of my clients if I put in an appearance. But, look here, if you feel at all shy about it, I could meet you somewhere and just take you into the house."

"And pay me the money?"

"If you insist, I've no doubt I could get Mr. Cohen to pay me in advance and then I could hand it over to you."

"Sixty-five pounds in sovereigns?"

"They'd be rather heavy, wouldn't they?"

"I'll risk that," said the chief firmly.

"Very well, then. Will you call for me at my club?"

"No fear!" said Macallum. "I'll meet you outside the house at half past ten. It's a lighted street, I suppose—oh, of course, they're all that in London."

"A lighted street!" exclaimed his lordship. "Why—"

"Oh, just so that I can recognize you," said The Macallum hurriedly. He wasn't going to explain his suspicions, no fear!

"Well, then, till 10.30!" said Lord Montague, holding out his hand.

The Macallum bowed, but drew the line at shaking hands with such a character.

The instant his visitor had gone he went straight to the London Directory and looked up 310 Cromwell Road. It actually was tenanted by a Mr. Montgomery-Cohen! The mystery grew even darker. What could be the precise nature of the swindle? Would the man



A stern voice hissed in his ear: "If you try and get loose I'll open your throat like a haggis!"

fail to turn up? But if so, what was the point of the plot? He even said he would go with him into the house—at this point the astute young chief gave a smothered exclamation. He understood the infernal plot now!

He next debated the question of whether he should go and meet the miscreant. But his spirit was firm, his muscles were strong; and then 65 sovereigns had been mentioned. He decided to risk it.

At 10.25 The Macallum stood outside a gayly lit-up mansion in the Cromwell Road. He wore a cloak of Harris tweed, and beneath it the costume of his race—including the dirk. At 10.30 he was joined by a portly figure in a fur coat.

"Well, my dear fellow, shall we come in?" said his lordship brightly.

"There is something first," replied the chieftain.

"What—you want your money now—before we go in?" smiled Lord Montague.

"I do."

The Macallum experienced yet another shock of surprise. He was actually paid 65 sovereigns before he even entered! Prudence counseled his instant retreat with the sovereigns in his sporran; but he had a high sense of his duty to society and he decided to do it.

"After you," he said, as they passed through the door.

Lord Montague stepped in front, and the next instant felt a muscular hand grasp him by the collar and the point of a dirk prick his neck. At the same time a stern voice hissed in his ear:

"If you try and get loose I'll open your throat like a haggis!"

And then he was propelled sharply forward.

The Macallums in their day had performed many striking and dramatic actions, but none had ever been more striking or more dramatic than the young chief's entry into the drawing-room of Mr. Montgomery-Cohen. Still holding his victim sternly in front of him, he broke the hush of astonishment which greeted his entry by demanding in a firm and grave voice:

"Is Mr. Cohen here?"

"I—er—I am he," said a short, stout gentleman with shining black hair and diamond shirt studs.

"I've caught you a burglar," announced the chief.

"A burglar!" cried Mr. Cohen; and then staggered back. "It's—it's—" he began, and then broke off; for there were certain delicate reasons for not pronouncing the name of Lord Montague Porringer aloud in that assembly.

"I don't know who he really is," said The Macallum, "but he calls himself Lord Montague Porringer, and he pretends he has hired out a lot of lords and ladies for your party!"

As a rule Macallum made no pretense of being a humorist, but he did expect a laugh at this. Instead, there was an awful and embarrassed silence. He came to the conclusion he had not made his point sufficiently clear.

"He came to me," he continued, "and said you wanted to pay me 75 guineas for coming here in my kilt!"

"The Macallum!" exclaimed several voices.

BEING unaware that his arrival had been looked forward to as one of the events of the evening, the young chief looked extremely surprised.

"It was just to get into your house, of course," he explained. "I soon enough saw that was his game; and I'm thinking it's very few spoons you'd have left if I hadn't seen it! What shall I do with him? Perhaps you'd like to introduce him to the nobility he's hired you!"

Surely he should have got a laugh this time; but no, the jest again fell absolutely flat.

"Let go of him! Leave him to me! It—it's all right," cried Mr. Cohen desperately.

The Macallum let go, and his victim sank into a chair and gurgled faintly. He seemed to be half choked. Then the chief bowed stiffly and withdrew.

He was overtaken in the hall by Mr. Cohen.

"Excuse me," cried the host in an agitated voice, "but did Lord—er—that—er—gentleman pay you those £75?"

Macallum looked at him warily.

"Supposing he did?"

"They are mine!"

The Macallum did not even condescend to reply. As if, with his experience of London, he could be done as easily as that! As he walked home with his sovereigns clinking in his sporran he had only one regret, and that was comparatively slight.

"If I'd traveled third class it would have made it over £70 clear profit!" he sighed.

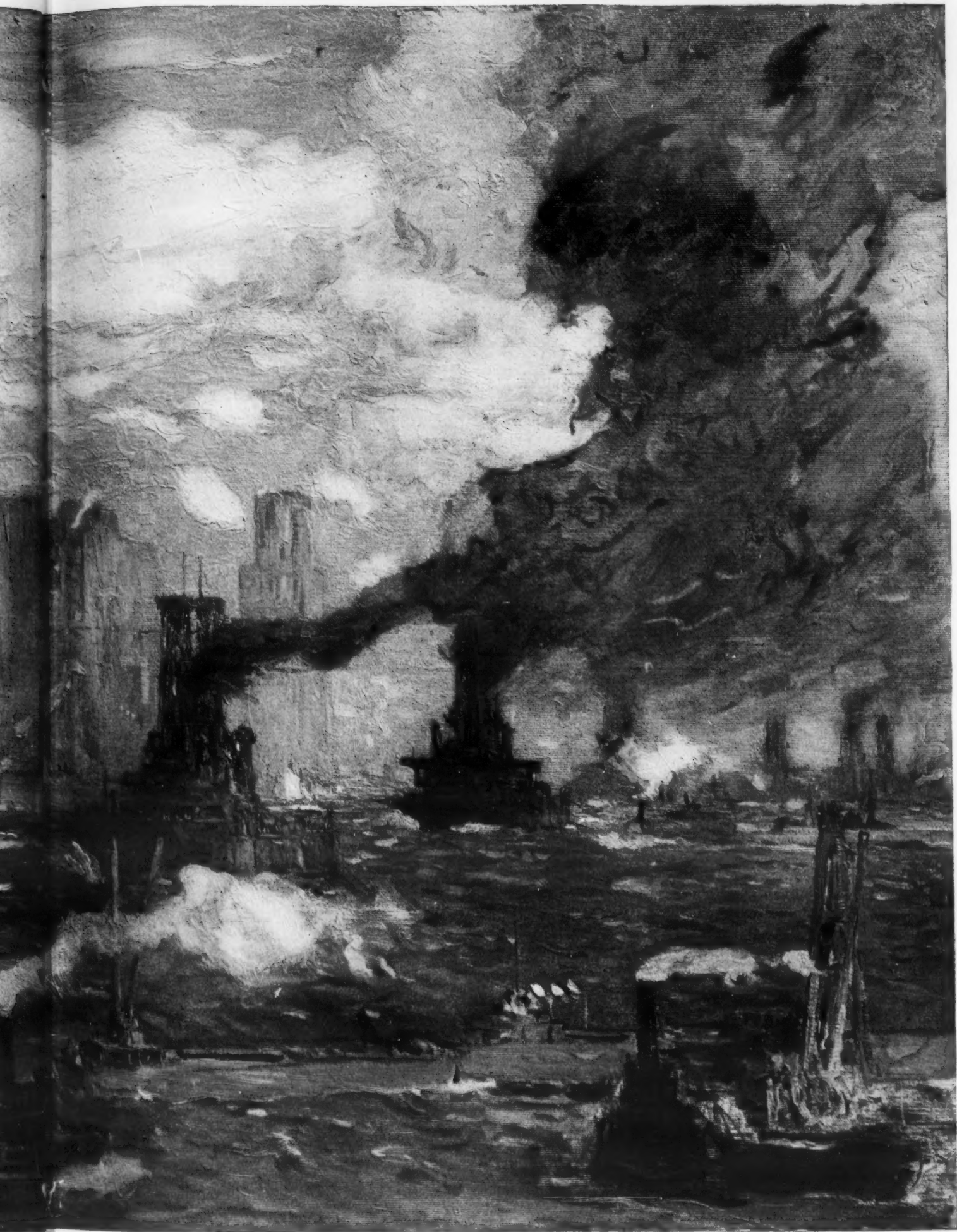
"This is a very gratifying send-off for you, Callum," she said





The Great Naval Review on the Hudson.—The meric

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The American fleet steaming up the river to its anchorage

PAINTED BY HENRY REUTERDAHL

The Out-Trail

*It Leads Toward Liberty but
Away from Love*

By
ELIZABETH FRAZER

Illustrated by
THORNTON D. SKIDMORE



*Far out upon the smiling waters
a small, blunt skiff, empty
save for a black cloak across
the thwarts, drifted into the
golden track of the sun*

IT WAS not an auspicious day for suicide either by land or by sea. The sun was already afield, and across the high, bare escarpments, which like two giant arms landlocked the brilliant little bay, a strong offshore breeze was blowing. High overhead, a flying white squadron of clouds sped under sealed orders to some uncharted aerial harbor, flags on the tops of summer hotels streamed and sang taut at their halyards, the tide, swimming at the flood, washed with a soft plop-plop against the sides of boats and jetties and far out where upon the smiling waters a small, blunt skiff, empty save for a black cloak across the thwarts, drifted into the golden track of the sun. Sidney Cochran, with a motor coat thrown hastily over her nightgown and the mists of sleep still clinging in her eyes, stepped out upon her airy balcony to survey the day. Far beneath her on the shore, in the bluish shadows of the cliff, a clustered knot of men arrested her gaze. Ten minutes before, a woman with bowed neck rowed steadily out from the rippling shore, past piers and bobbing anchor buoys, and in full sunshine stood up, dropped her enveloping cloak, and, without a look around, stepped over the side. A man, lying in the lee of a tall crane, who had raised himself on one elbow to watch the receding boat, ejaculated in sudden dismay, sprang to his feet, and, shedding his jersey, raced toward the water. Ten minutes later Sidney Cochran, holding her coat close to her bare throat, and with the wind making spindrift of her tawny hair, hung far out over the balcony, the better to observe that little group, momentarily augmenting. And Chance, having set the mimic stage, and neatly synchronized the opening events, one falling pat upon the other, abandoned the players, without a line, without a cue, to perpetrate a comedy or a tragedy or a summer roof-garden performance, as they jolly well liked.

SIDNEY bathed and dressed leisurely and donned her soundless slippers (everybody in that house wore soundless slippers), with one ear alert toward the sun parlor on the wing below from which floated up voices, one a deep, fluent rumble as of a man reading aloud, the other exploding at intervals in sharp, violent staccatos. Sidney grimaced and rang the bell. She decided on a quiet breakfast in her own room before descending to the seat of war. An hour later she ran lightly downstairs and met the young secretary fleeing like a hare before the hounds, his face as white as his flannels.

"Thank heaven you're here, Miss Cochran," he burst out, "for I'm off! Absolutely. He's fired me out of the house. It's the third time overnight, and, by Jove, I'm going to bolt!"

"Poor you!" smiled Sidney. "I heard father training his guns on you early this morning. Did you have a terrible night, Mr. Coutts? Didn't he sleep at all?"

Archibald Coutts threw up despairing hands. "Sleep! He's forgotten the word." He stole a quick glance behind him and lowered his voice. "You know he drowns for half a second, and then, when I think he's off at last and lay down my book, he opens one eye and says in that hot, still voice of his, which sounds as if it just came off a bed of live coals: 'Coutts, where are you? For God's sake, wake up and read to me. What do I pay you for?' And this morning, after a night like that, he—he kicked my shins! Actually, Miss Cochran. And so I'm going."

SIDNEY bit her lips to repress a smile. "Oh, surely he did not!" she said. "My father has an impatient habit of stretching his legs. And please don't leave us." She laid a soft hand on his arm. "We'll have some one to help you by to-night. Go take a dip in the sea, then a nap and a spin along the headland. Tell Hodges to put you up a lunch. And don't hurry. I'll spell you for the rest of the day."

With a final nod and smile, she turned to the sun parlor. At the far end of the room a man all in white, with a white visored cap drawn low over his brows, sat immovable and mute, staring at the sunlit space of floor between his knees.

"Good morning, dear," called Sidney cheerfully. With lithe, graceful steps she crossed to his side, seated herself on the arm of his wicker easy-chair, and pressed a cool, fresh kiss on his cheek. "How are the D. O. N.

(d— old nerves) to-day? Better? Did you sleep?" She removed his cap and smoked glasses, revealing stiff, iron-gray hair and fine-carved, choleric features. Her fingers, moving softly about his temples, affected his tortured nerves like a strain of gentle music. For perhaps a moment, leaning his head against her shoulder, he slept.

"Has Coutts gone?" he inquired abruptly, opening one eye. "There are wells of dullness in that fool."

Sidney laughed.

"Poor Archie! He's not so deep as all that. Yes, he's gone—for the day." Still stroking his brow, she said in a lowered tone: "Father dear."

He bent a slow, smoldering gaze in her direction. "Well? What now?"

"Our extra man has failed us. I had a wire this morning. But perhaps we may pick up some one in the village for a few days. Shall you mind—much?"

COCHRAN drew his palms down his face with a passionate, despairing gesture, and stood up. "No, child," he said with a kind of violent calm, "I don't mind! Anybody with ordinary brute intelligence will suit me. But no more fools."

"Good!" Sidney cried gayly. "A brute intelligence we'll find for you this very day if there's such a thing on the island. But, father dear—she held up a guileful finger—"if I procure this rare commodity, you in return must solemnly promise one thing."

"What?" growled Cochran.

"Not to kick its shins. That the ordinary brute intelligence will not stand—even from a higher brute!"

Cochran laughed shortly. None but his own girl would have dared such an allusion.

"We'll try the beach first," continued Sidney. "They're bringing in the seine. I saw them this morning from my window. Shall we have a look?"

With infinite tact and an occasional gentle touch on his elbow, she guided him from the room and down the steps, within a foot of Coutts, who, with towels over his arm, had stopped dead in his tracks, rigid as a pointer dog. Cochran went by without a glance.



"Lift up your head, dear," said Sidney. "This air is glorious." Describing in lively colors the brilliant, windy day and the dazzling belt of water, she got him in safety down the rugged cliff path and upon the shingle, which glistened like a wet mackintosh beneath their feet.

"They're not fishing after all," announced Sidney. "It's some object lying upon the sand. Perhaps Major Bannister has landed his tuna."

"Perhaps some one's drowned," suggested Cochran with grim hopefulness.

"Father!" Sidney exclaimed. A few minutes later, with serene young authority parting to right and left the beach men and women, she broke to the core of the circle.

"Oh, my dear," her shocked voice sounded low at his ear, "it is some one drowned! Oh, poor creature! She's young, too, and quite pretty—but so ghastly pale! They're working over her—a queer, outlandish man swinging her arms. There! She breathes. Oh, father, she's come to!" In her excitement she dropped to her knees.

"Clear out," muttered the man between his teeth, but without looking up. "Give her air."

A light, soft sigh lifted the bosom of the immobile figure, a breath which struggled like a bird in her breast to be free. Her brows bent in a faint frown; she opened her eyes, unsmiling and dreadfully pale, and tried weakly to sit up.

Sidney's outlandish young man laid a firm, sunburned hand on her chest.

"There, there!" he said. "Not so fast. Lie still a bit. You've done enough for one day!"

HE SAT back on his haunches, squatting lightly on his toes, one palm pressing the sand like a runner. His keen, hardy glance just touched Sidney, then slid above her head to the dado of rough faces. A slight vapor rose from his body, where his undershirt, stretched skin-tight between powerful shoulders, was drying rapidly in the sun.

"Where's that old party I heard screeching a while back?" he demanded.

Several hands from behind thrust forward an elderly woman, sketchily dressed in a draggled red kimono and shawl.

"Ah, there you are, mother. Step out. Now, what's the row with this girl of yours? Speak up and stop wringing your hands." The woman's lips moved tremblingly. Her face was dim and swollen with weeping. "What—a lover, eh? I thought as much. And you wouldn't have it? A hot-blooded lover and a cold-blooded mother—and the girl jumps into the bay. Well, I fished her out this time, so in a sense she's mine—salvaged goods—and if I give her back, it's on condition you do as I say. And what I say is just this: Give him to her. If she hankers for him, give him to her. I'll bet he's a chump, not worth his salt. That's the kind women mostly die for. No matter. She's bound to have him. So give him to her as you'd give castor oil to a kid. She'll holler loud enough before the whole dose is down! But better that than the bay."

HE LAUGHED softly, and his straight, smiling glance dropped like a plummet into the depths of Sidney's clear, uplifted eyes. "How's that for advice?" he challenged.

"I—I—" she stammered, pink with confusion and dimly angry at the familiarity of his lowered tone. She became suddenly aware that for the past few kneeling minutes she had been caught clean out of herself, swallowed and absorbed in this person's identity. There was something bright and casual about him, like a loaded gun lying in the sunshine, which at once attracted and repelled her. She decided he was not a gentleman, and felt obscurely relieved.

"He chuckled me through the window. I brought him clothes to make a hit with your father"

"Ought you not to move her out of this heat?" she asked coldly.

"Oh, she'll do now," he said indifferently. "But for a while it was touch and go. A funny thing," he meditated. "I felt away down

deep she was fighting me, fighting hard. She didn't want to come back. That's why it took so long."

He bent down, gathered the girl firmly under the arms and knees, and, squaring his shoulders, stood up buoyantly. Suddenly he gave a great start.

"Take away that wet braid," he ordered sharply. "It feels like a snake."

Sidney moved the long black tresses with gentle fingers. He bowed his neck to her touch, shuddering faintly.

"Now lift that arm higher—around my neck. That's right. She's still mad at me," he whispered. "Look at that mouth."

Sidney looked. "Poor thing!" she murmured. With a swift little burst of pity, she leaned over and kissed the dead-white sullen lips. As she bent, the man's breath was on her ear, and the faint scent of her hair and clothes was in his nostrils. Suddenly ashamed of her demonstration, she broke away to her father and stood tightly clasping his hand. The man, after one level look, drooped his eyelids. The girl stirred in his arms. He eased her, took a step forward, and spoke across his shoulder:

"Now, mother, lead the way home. The matinee's over."

The beachers dissolved into twos and threes, some still curious ones following the flexible, striding figure with its burden to a small drab tent pitched on the high sand.

"They're campers," explained Sidney to her father.

COCHRAN laid an imperious hand on her shoulder. "Who is that man? What is he like?"

Sidney knit her golden brows. She was used to making thumb-nail sketches for her father. "I can't describe him exactly," she said. "He's different. He looks like Kipling's blond beast, not tall but compact, and awfully alive." She pondered over this aliveness a moment. "He's not a gentleman," she finished.

Cochran let out a little sardonic grunt. "He doesn't have to be, my dear, because he's something better. God made man and women made gentlemen. That chap's an original—primitive stock. He belongs by instinct to the quarter-deck. Did you hear how he handled that girl? Run after him, child, and fetch him back. I've decided to engage him."

Sidney hesitated. Like her father, she had a nose for novelty, the same reckless, autocratic streak, but sweetened by youth, and there was something in this new personality which provoked and baffled her. "You talk to him yourself, dear," she urged. "Ah, he's coming back." She beckoned with a fluttering handkerchief.

The man vanished inside the tent and the next instant reappeared, swinging along bareheaded, with feet that seemed scarcely to touch the sand. He stopped abruptly before the girl.

"You flagged me," he notified her.

Sidney nodded and pressed her father's arm.

"He's here, dear," she whispered in rapid French, "but do be careful. The man's an active volcano. He looks hot to the touch. And just now he has lowered his head at us and is pawing the ground as if he were going to charge!"

The man had indeed shifted his feet and was staring at them a little wildly. It had flashed over him that the grim, old, visored party was a lunatic, and the stunning girl in the white frock, with the palpitant white throat and the cool, smiling, unafraid eyes, was his keeper.

"What is your name?" asked Cochran.

"Content."

"What!" Cochran was taken aback. "Content, eh? Well—are you?"

The man looked swiftly about for escape. "Am I what? Am I Content? Yes—Harry Content. How do you like it?"

"What is your occupation?"

HARRY CONTENT had curved one arm above his head as a shield from the scorching sun. Beneath it, supplely poised, he eyed his man with a sidelong, narrowed stare.

"Fishing mermaids out of the bay," he proffered carelessly. He brought down his arm and straightened himself. "What do you want?" he asked, a little roughly. "I see you're not crazy."

Cochran laughed outright at the tribute. "I want you, my man," he retorted.

"What for?"

"For a companion, to talk with me, walk with me, amuse me—"

"Amuse the devil!" broke in Harry Content scornfully. "What do you take me for? Companion, eh? Say trained goat." He snapped his teeth together. "I'd last about an hour at that kind of a hangdog job."

Then I'd kick the confounded door off its hinges and march out into the open. No—thanks just the same. I serve no boss, man or woman. What's under my hide is mine!" He turned on his heel and walked rapidly away.

Sidney ran forward and caught his sleeve. "Oh, please!" she cried, panting as she kept pace with his big, angry strides, but resolutely holding on. "Please let me explain."

HARRY CONTENT stopped and drew a deep breath.

"That guy made me hot with his precious job," he confessed. "I see myself sticking my head into such a noose. The high-nosed old pirate!"

"You don't understand—" began Sidney.

"Oh, don't I? I've eyes in my head. I've seen his like before. D—autocrats!" He kicked the shingle savagely, dealing, as it were, all the autocrats of the world one compact, universal kick.



"It's just because of that," she said eagerly. "He's tired of gentlemen, and he says you're not one, but an original, God-made, untouched by women."

"You don't understand," she said again, gently. "My father is blind."

"What?" he cried, amazed. "Blind?" He stood in a stare. "I saw there was something wrong with the old boy. I guessed he was a bit mad. The way he held down his head. . . . But blind—" He mused intelligently. "And he wants me to lead him about, tip off things to him, explain the blooming show. . . . Still, I don't just see—" He darted a keen, suspicious look at her. "If he's blind, how can he tell what I'm like—that I'm the right party. I'm jolly well not, you know."

"It's just because of that," she said eagerly. "Because you're unusual that he wants you. He's tired of gentlemen, and he says you're not one, but an original, God-made, untouched by women."

Harry Content's thick brows shot up in a queer ridge; beneath them his blue eyes were very gay.

"I don't know about God!" he murmured, with a laugh. He looked down at her hand, resting light and warm against his arm, and held his peace about women.

"Halloo!" he said, turning his head. "What's that?"

COCHRAN'S irritable voice was heard calling: "Sidney! Sidney!" They watched as he came with tapping and uncertain steps across the sand. The girl turned to Harry Content. "You'll come?" she whispered.

He looked straight into her eyes. "I'd like to oblige you," he said. "But the job is out of my line. I pass."

It's not as if he were poor and couldn't command help—"

"Ah, but he is!" she cried out, quivering. "Poorer than the veriest beggar in the land. If you could be with him one day and watch his torments—" She pressed her palms together, struggling with tears. "Burning torments—" she whispered. "It's his nerves—the sight comes and goes. Sometimes, if he sleeps and has people about who don't enrage him, he can see, oh, surprisingly well. And his hopes soar. . . . Then comes a bad night, or a scene—the slightest sound racks him—and the light blows out like a candle."

"I see," murmured Content. He hung above her, motionless, profoundly attentive, as in low, hurried tones she explained the complications of her father's malady, his fits of melancholy and brooding, black despair. The tide with its scarf of yellow foam swam almost to their feet, mingling its soft gurgle with her voice.

"Now," she said, "he has taken this fancy to you. He is always looking for the healing personality which he hopes will make him well. And if you would consent to try us," she smiled winningly, "my father would make it worth your while."

"I dare say!" he said dryly.

She perceived she had made a false step, and added hastily: "I know money doesn't interest you—"

Harry Content uttered a big, throaty chuckle. "Don't it, though! Now you're talking like a school miss. Money's about the most interesting stuff in the world—especially when it's in the other fellow's pocket."

"Well, then," she began eagerly, but he cut her off sharply.

"Wait a minute. Let's get this thing straight. It's not a case of loving money less, but of hating bosses more. There's blood in me, a sort of wild mustang streak, that bucks at the first show of authority. Call it a mania. I've tried to beat it down; tried various 'sure cures'! You'd laugh if I told you. . . . Time and again I've taken on a job, nailed myself hard and fast into the coffin and said: 'Stay there and sleep through life like the ordinary dub.' It's no good. I've got to come out." . . . He heaved a big chest as though bursting invisible grave bonds upon him, and muttered in a strange voice: "Freedom! Head room to turn in. It's a hanker in me like the hanker of a sailor for the sea, or a lover for the lips of his girl." He shook himself and spoke in a changed voice. "And now I'll be off. So long to you, Miss Sidney."

"No, no!"

She took a step toward him.

"Don't go. You shall be free as air."

HE SHOOK his head, a little half-smile on his lips as he watched her.

"For a day, a week. If father likes you he will be very good—"

"No," he said resolutely, "no." He looked at her, dazzling white in the sunshine, the patch of throat visible beneath her chin, a soft, throbbing shadow. "You don't know what you're asking."

Cochran bore down upon them. "Sidney?" he cried nervously. "Sidney, where have you got to?" She laid a caressing hand on his shoulder. "Where's Harry Content?" he demanded. "I like that name. I believe he's the man I'm looking for to make me well."

"I've been discussing the matter with Mr. Content," said Sidney slowly. "He—he is very independent."

"Of course he is," agreed Cochran genially, leaning on his stick. "That's what I'm going to hire him for—to be independent!" He raised his voice a shade. "Give me your arm, Content. Tell me how you resuscitated that stubborn girl."

Harry Content wheeled, and the same instant Sidney, divining his intent, executed a swift flank movement. With a little gesture of determination, she caught her father's arm and thrust it through Harry Content's.

"Here he is, dear," she panted. "Hold on to him!" She stood away from the pair, a little pale, but triumphant and laughing.

HARRY CONTENT gazed at her fixedly, perfectly still all over save for a steady enlargement of his pupils. Sidney stared back like an obstinate child. A flash passed between them. Then, unsmiling, his brows drawn in a somber line, he turned to his new employer.

The next morning Sidney awoke a full hour earlier than usual. For a few precious moments she lay blinking in a sweet, drowsy haze, vaguely conscious by a little glow in the back of her mind that something pleasant had happened. Something—suddenly her mind focused. Harry Content. Harry Content had happened. She sprang gayly out of bed, bathed, and went through her setting-up exercises with vivid zest, chant-



The Flying Fighters of France

There was a review of the aeroplanes of the French army at Villacoublay, near Paris, on September 28, at which Alexandre Millerand, Minister of War, watched the fleet and congratulated the aviators on their promise of usefulness as instruments of war. There were seventy-two aeroplanes present with their pilots, mechanics, observers, and repair and supply trucks. Thousands attended the review. The picture shows the monoplanes lined up in front of their tentlike hangars. Twenty aeroplanes left the field for their posts near the German frontier.



The Wreck on the New York, New Haven & Hartford

Seven persons were killed and more than forty injured in a wreck on the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad on the afternoon of October 3. The train, an express, made up of wooden coaches, attempted to take a crossover near the Westport-Saugatuck station while going at a speed of fifty miles an hour. The company's rules forbid taking crossovers at more than fifteen miles an hour, but the engineer was trying to make up twelve minutes lost time. Greater punctuality had recently been urged by the road officials.

After 60,000 Cars

By R. E. Olds, Designer

I have built to date over 60,000 cars.

For 25 years I have watched their performance. I have found out and corrected a myriad shortcomings. I've acquired a world of caution.

Some say I'm "old-maidish"—too careful, too slow. But I call these things standards. I've made them my code.

My Latest Extreme—Big Tires

The new Reo the Fifth—out Oct. 1—is equipped with 34x4-inch tires.

That is 22 per cent greater tire capacity than I ever have used on a car of this size. Yet this car was always much over-tired, compared with usual standards.

These oversize tires add 30 per cent to my tire cost. But they add 65 per cent to the average tire mileage. They should save you in tire waste some hundreds of dollars during the life of the car.

Remember this fact when you come to compare cars. The tires on Reo the Fifth are now 34x4.

Make Some Other Comparisons

In judging cars, in these days of close prices, it is very important to make other comparisons.

There are dollars saved sometimes which cost buyers ten dollars. What you want is final economy.

Watch points like these:

Reo the Fifth has 190 drop forgings. All makers use some of them to get lightness and strength. But Reo the Fifth has 190. And its racy lines, its lightness and strength are due largely to those costly forgings.

My springs are two inches wide. Each spring has seven leaves. The front springs are 38 inches long—the rear are 46.

I use fifteen roller bearings—11 of the Timken, 4 of the Hyatt High Duty.

Every important bearing has bronze bushings—even the smallest of them.

For safety's sake I use 14-inch brake drums. I use a centrifugal pump.

I use a \$75 magneto, to insure a hot spark when the car runs slowly. You can start on this magneto.

My carburetor is double heated—with hot air and hot water. So poor gasoline can't give trouble.

For big margin of safety, every driving part in this car is built for 45-horsepower requirements.

No Chances

I take no chances on any part of this car, for chances sometimes cost dearly.

Each lot of steel is analyzed twice. Gears are tested in a crushing machine, to stand 75,000 pounds.

Each engine gets five tests—about ten hours each. It is run for 28 hours in the chassis.

I limit my output to an easy capacity of 50 cars a day. So the cars are built slowly and carefully—no man is ever rushed.

Parts are ground over and over. Our factory system insures a thousand inspections.

Petty Savings

I abhor petty savings. I could save, perhaps, \$50 to \$75 per car in the finish and upholstering if I cared to skimp.

But I put on this car a special body which costs more than wood or metal. I save by this 50 pounds in weight, and the body takes a wondrous finish.

I give 17 coats to each body. The fenders, radiator, hood, etc., have two coats of rubber enamel baked on.

The upholstering is deep, and of genuine leather. It is filled with the best curled hair. The backs as well as the seats are filled with springs, to give you the utmost comfort.

Every part shows the final touch.

Even the engine is nickel-trimmed. I believe that folks like these perfections.

Center Control

Reo the Fifth has my center control—a single light handle, out of the way, which does all the gear shifting by moving three inches in each of four directions.

Both brakes are operated by foot pedals. So there are no levers to clog the front doors.

The driver sits on the left side, as in electrics, close to the cars he passes. Yet the gear-shifting lever is at his right hand. Note how many great cars are following me in this. The old way of driving will be soon out of date.

Do These Precautions Pay?

The result of all this is that Reo the Fifth sells on a mighty small margin. I am keeping the price under \$1,100, with all the new features, including these big tires.

Our profit per car is now a very small item, despite the fact that we make every part ourselves.

Yet there are cars which, at passing glance, seem to undersell this car.

I have told you the facts, so you may judge for yourself if these are things which you care to go without. Would you wish me to save you a little on price by trebling your cost of upkeep.

I am sure you'll say no. I am

also sure that the time is coming when most cars must be built like this. Men won't have them otherwise.

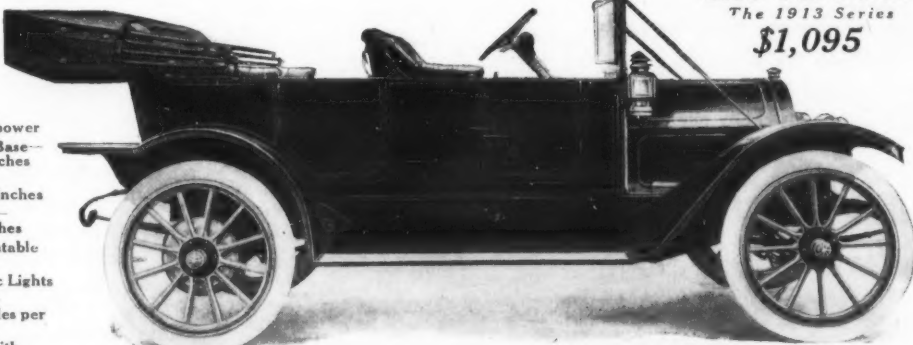
Here's the greatest value any man can give you in a car. If you want such value I want your trade. And you'll be very glad, in years to come, that you picked a car like this.

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A thousand dealers in a thousand towns now offer this new type of Reo the Fifth.

Our 1913 catalog pictures all the details, and shows styles of bodies. Write us for it now.

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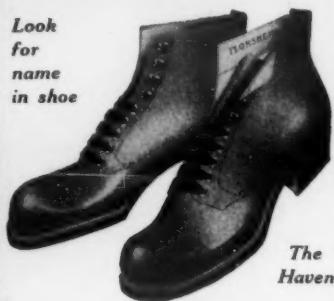
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24

Flatfoot

(Concluded from page 15)

and we are playing light opera for the
benefit of the kids and older people sick
of their old drudgeries.

There is one thing that alone is worth
the price of admission to the U. S. N.
And that is that when we go ashore every-
body is our friend. I have told bums I
was broke and then have them offer to
buy me a drink. And I have ridden in
the smoking compartment of a Pullman
and talked to men of enormous respecta-
bility and been given cordial treatment.
No one has his suspicions—we are not
amateur sleuths nor are we selling books
about the Titanic disaster. It is too bad
that life insurance men don't wear a
neatly designed uniform.

Sometimes we may act like a bunch of
rowdies. But don't tell one we haven't
earned the right! We ship to see the
world, and we end by seeing very little
of the world and a whole lot of a big,
dreary ship. When aboard, a fly in a
sugar bowl leads the simple life compared
with a flatfoot. The idea is to shoo us
up the instant our cheeks sag into the
faintest unregulation line of comfort.
The decks must have been wired, so that
the act of sitting down operates an an-
nunciator somewhere indicating the dread-
ful fact. It is always "Break out of
here!" or "On the top-side all the deck
force!" and up you go. And if you get
on the sick list you will shine all the
bright work in the sick bay to earn your
light diet.

So when we walk over the gangway to
liberty we have got to have our fun.
Leave it to us to pick all the strawberries
in the patch!

WHEN some sailors come back to the
ship their heads have an increased
displacement. But with a sudden tauten-
ing of the muscles they "check in" sober
on the quarter-deck. Then, as they go
forward, this nervous tension suddenly
fades. And before the word sober is
dry on the books opposite their names
they collapse. This momentarily inter-
rupted state of intoxication is known as
a "smokestack jag." If you keep under
cover later the game works all right.
The main thing is to get back on time.
If you don't the penalties are thick.

To me it is a picture with a human
meaning I can't express to see a "gob"
back from a big liberty. He sits down
on a chest and faces the old navy again
with a dazed, faraway look in his eyes.
The hard fact of just what the navy is to
him has caught him on the point of the
jaw. Well, give him time and he will for-
get it a little.

On the outside, I hate to think of an
office plug crawling up on his stool after
a hard night. Here we turn to with a
big scrubber and hammer our vengeance
out of the deck in the midst of a torrent
of salt water from the deck hose.

Don't you believe in sailors drinking?
Then you had better favor total disarmament.
For my part, I don't believe in
booze on board ship—forward or aft—
but if a sailor is strictly temperate ashore
the odds are big there is something wrong
with him somewhere. Ship's routine has
a pressure so many pounds to the square
inch. And, as an Irishman might say it:
"If you want to get all the fun out of
shore liberty, never go ashore."

The Out-Trail

(Continued from page 21)

ing softly as she swung her milk-white
arms:

The wild man from Borneo has just come
to town.

The wild man from Borneo has just come
to town.

A disturbance in the room under her
own arrested her arms, rigid in midair,
like a young pagan priestess. A window
on the ground floor ran up with a shock.
There followed the sound of a concus-
sion and of a cry.

Sidney flew to the window, nipped the
curtains discreetly beneath her chin, and
gazed interestedly below.

UPON the gravel walk lay Archie Coutts,
and strewn about him, as if rained
down from heaven, Sidney's startled eyes
beheld gay articles of haberdashery, a pale
lavender shirt, a black morning coat, and a
pair of immaculate white trousers, spread-
eagled on the grass. And above the pros-

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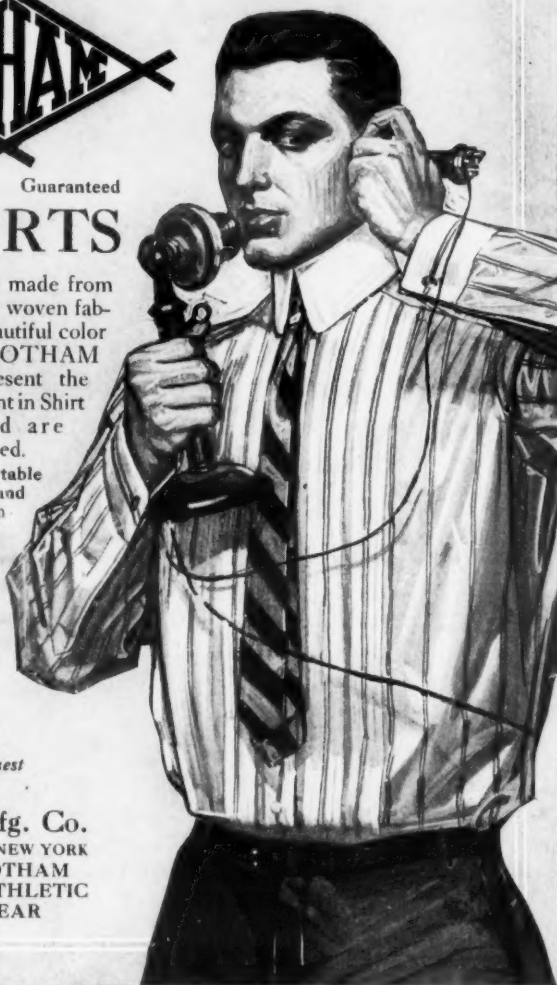
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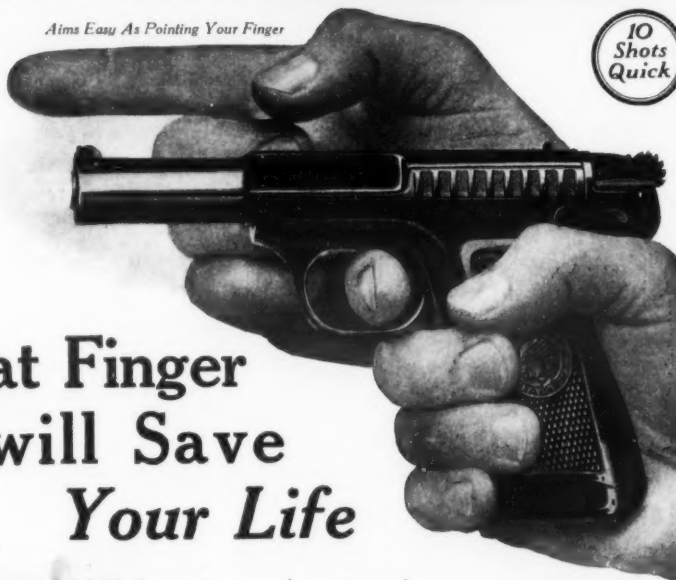
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That Finger will Save Your Life

THAT finger knows how to point.

Sometime, no telling when, its straight pointing
will come to your defense. In a flash that finger's
instinct—inherited from all its ancestors—will bring the
Savage Automatic point blank on the burglar determined
to take your life.

Forever after you'll be thankful for the inspiration which shaped the
Savage pistol as it is, with the barrel true to the pointing line of the forefinger.

The Savage shoots only one bullet when the trigger is pulled. But in
less than 3 seconds, the trigger can be pulled 10 times and 10 shots fired.
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magazine, which can be slipped in in half a second.

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Look for the Styleplus label in the coat.
Look for the Styleplus guarantee in the pocket.

HENRY SONNEBORN & CO.
Baltimore, Md.

The Out-Trail

(Continued from page 24)

trate figure, from the fingers of a bare, outstretched arm, motionless as a semaphore, sifted a pair of lavender silken socks. Sidney's fresh laughter trilled forth unrestrained. The semaphoric arm withdrew. From the grass, Coutts raised an aggrieved voice to the mirthful face above.

"He chuckled me through the window. I brought him clothes to make a hit with your father. And he chuckled them out of the window. And then he chuckled me out."

Sidney laughed again and dropped the curtain. Ten minutes later, in the dining room, she regaled her father with the scene. Cochran, who had confessed to the first decent night of a week, chuckled over the recital.

"Content is a sixty-horsepower man," he said, "and Coutts will have to get out of his road."

"He's a sixty-horsepower animal," amended Sidney. "You should see him walk, dear—on the soles of his feet!" She imitated his stride, rolling a bit with a delicate, undulant swagger. "Is he eating with us?"

"Certainly," said Cochran, marching back and forth.

"I'm going to watch his table manners then!" She fell into step beside him.

BUT she was not destined to observe his table manners that morning. Archie Coutts entered with the information that Harry Content had lighted out, with a piece of bread in his pocket, to take a swim in the sea. To the secretary's intense surprise, this gross breach of discipline, instead of enraging Cochran, seemed positively to delight him. He inquired blandly after the sartorial wreck, and they sat down to breakfast.

In the days following the advent among them of the healing personality, Sidney found herself figuring in a dreary two-some with Coutts, while her father and Harry Content swam, fished, tramped, or rode horseback in the daytime, and at night held long, inspired conversations on the dusky porch, punctuated by much laughter. Sidney marveled. Toward herself Harry Content pursued what he apparently deemed were the Queensberry rules for dealing with a young female opponent who had euchred him out of his freedom. Impersonally and without malice, he let her severely alone. Direct questions he responded to with equal directness, and lapsed into cool, uninvolved silence. Her affectionate rallies with her father, her gay caricature of Coutts, and an occasional sly shot at himself, he met in the same fashion, staring straight before him, grave, negligent, mute.

About this time Sidney began to box the compass with her moods, and to exhibit strange barometric fluctuations: one day a laughing bubble of a girl, the next a chill young iceberg with vague and distant manners, the manners of the classes toward the masses, and the next day shining clear weather again, when she openly repudiated Coutts's society, and crossed over to play with her father and Harry Content. But deep within her breast was a queer pent feeling of hurt, which resulted in nocturnal wakings, and such a passionate and troubled ache of all her young senses as drove her to take her pillows out on the balcony and lie wide-eyed and solemn, listening to the quiet pulse and flow of the wakeful shadowy sea.

ONE evening, wandering like a restless ghost in a pale trailing gown, she found her father seated by the open window with his reading lamp lighted on the table. It was the close of a vivid, scorching day. The sun had sunk in a burst of hard, metallic light, making the ocean's surface pure gold and shining like the floor of heaven. The intense clarity of the twin headlands against the sky line wounded the eye. Later a faint breeze had sprung up. The day had ravaged Cochran's nerves, and he sat a frigid figure of gloom, with Dante's Inferno on his knee, grimly prepared to harass and harry the unfortunate Coutts. Lately he had begun to have agonizing doubts of Harry Content's healing personality.

Sidney seated herself on the wide arm of his chair. "Father, dear," she began in a low voice, "I want to go away from here. I—I'm not happy." She captured a rising sob. "I want to go home."

Cochran extended his legs with an impatient grunt. "We'll all go home if this

(Continued on page 28)



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Deep Breathing

By D. O. HARRELL, M. D.

I BELIEVE we must admit that deep breathing is a very desirable practice. Furthermore, we know it to be a fact that not one person in twenty, or perhaps one person in a hundred, really breathes deeply. Every physician can verify the statement that we are daily called upon to prescribe drugs for ailments that owe their cause directly to insufficient and improper breathing—Oxygen Starvation.

Breathing is the Vital Force of Life. Every muscle, nerve cell, in fact every fiber of our body, is directly dependent upon the air we breathe. Health, Strength, and Endurance are impossible without well oxygenated blood. The food we eat must combine with abundant oxygen, before it can become of any value to the body. Breathing is to the body what free draught is to the steam boiler. Shut off the draught and you will kill your fire, no matter how excellent coal you use. Similarly, if you breathe shallowly, you must become anemic, weak, and thin, no matter how carefully you may select your diet.

I might continue indefinitely to cite examples of the great physiological value of deep breathing. For instance, it is a well-known fact that intense mental concentration and nerve strain paralyze the diaphragm, the great breathing muscle. This depressing condition can be entirely counteracted through conscious deep breathing.

The main benefit of physical exercise lies in the activity it gives the lungs. What we term "lack of healthful exercise," in reality means insufficient lung exercise. Since few persons have the strength and endurance to exercise violently enough to stir the lungs into rapid action, common sense dictates that the lungs should be exercised independently, through conscious breathing. Exercise that fails to excite vigorous lung action is of little real value.

Unfortunately, few persons have the slightest conception of what is really meant by deep breathing. One tells you it means the full expansion of the chest, another tells you it means abdominal breathing, the third declares it means diaphragmatic breathing, and so on.

Recently there has been brought to my notice a brochure on this important subject of respiration, that to my knowledge for the first time really treats the subject in a thoroughly scientific and practical manner. I refer to the booklet entitled "Deep Breathing," by Paul Von Boeckmann, R.S., 105 Park Ave., New York. In this treatise, the author describes proper breathing, so that even the most uninformed layman can get a correct idea of the act. The booklet contains a mass of common sense teaching on the subject of Deep Breathing, Exercise, and Body Building. The author has had the courage to think for himself and to expose the weaknesses in our modern systems of physical culture.

I believe this booklet gives us the real key to constitutional strength. It shows us plainly the danger of excessive exercise, that is, the danger of developing the external body at the expense of the internal body. The author's arguments are so logical it is self-evident that his theories must be based upon vast experience. Personally, I know that his teachings are most profoundly scientific and thoroughly practical, for I have had occasion to see them tested in a number of my patients.

The booklet to which I refer can be had from the author directly upon payment of 10 cents in coin or stamps. The simple exercises he describes therein are in themselves well worth ten times the small price demanded.—Advertisement.

The Out-Trail

(Continued from page 25)

infernal heat continues. Where is Harry Content?"

"Swimming."

Cochran laughed. "That man, I swear, is incarnated from a sea horse. If he travels with me next fall I'll have to attach a special car with a swimming pool."

Sidney's heart gave a great beat and turned over inside of her. "Has he consented to travel with you?"

"Not yet. He's like the Irishman's flea. To-day nothing would do but we must row out to a tramp steamer lying in the bay. For a while I thought I'd lost him! But I'll anchor him. The fellow is fond of me."

"You're fond of him!" Sidney corrected with a smothered little laugh. "Fess up, dear. You're daffodilly over Harry Content, and you know it. But why do you like him? He's not a gentleman—as one uses the word. Doesn't that matter?"

"Not for my purpose."

"Does it matter for any purpose?" She spoke just above her breath. "For any big and—let us say—serious purpose?"

COCHRAN slewed round on her a humorous eye. "I don't know just what big and serious purpose you have in mind, dear girl, but mark me, Harry Content could play the cards with the best of them—if he wanted to. That's the rub. He doesn't want to. He thinks they're not worth picking up from the table. Maybe he's right!" A sigh escaped him. "One thing," he mused, "he likes travel."

A silence fell between them. "Am I going to travel, too?" Sidney asked in a still voice.

"If you're a good girl."

"Oh, I'll be good," she whispered unsteadily. "I'll be so good you won't know me!" She bent and kissed his ear.

There was the sound of hurried footsteps, and Coutts entered a moment late. Sidney fled to the veranda. A figure, motionless as bronze, sat on the upper step. An edge of light fell on his side-head, a powerfully turned shoulder, a big embrowned fist resting on one knee. Sidney drifted over and dropped down beside him on the step.

In the upper air a flush of light still lingered, through which stars, like shining pinheads, were beginning to pierce, and from the dark ocean was blown up to them the gentle murmur of the tide.

"It's too lovely!" sighed Sidney. She sat bowed forward, her hair a glimmering aureole, clasping her knees. A scarf, heavy with silver sequins, had fallen down to her elbows, and the light from the window, concentrated upon a patch of shoulder, blanching it to dazzling whiteness.

Harry Content swung round and surveyed, not the night but the pale figure of the girl who sat so close that he could have reached out an arm and encircled her waist.

"Charming!" he agreed dryly.

"Like a Whistler nocturne," she said dreamily.

Content tapped his foot. "There you go!" he exclaimed impatiently. "Why can't you let the night alone, to stand on its own beauty, without dragging in a confounded bigwig to standardize it and give it authority? Forget your bigwigs, I say. That's what ails you, Miss Sidney. You're a walking rag bag full of other people's notions. Why don't you think and feel a little on your own—give yourself a chance? Some morning I'd like to take you down to the sea and wash all this second-hand stuff out of you, and see how much real original girl is left. What's your idea of living, anyhow? To take the other fellow's word for it every time? You'll find it a mighty dull business. Look here. May I ask you a question?"

"You've asked six already."

HE laughed shortly. "Six, eh? Well, this is the one that counts—a sort of topping big seventh wave."

"Let her top!" breathed Sidney very low.

"It's just this. How would you like to walk out of this house with nothing but that pretty white frock to your back, not knowing if you'd ever return?"

Sidney got warm all over with a deep blush. "With—with—" she whispered. She stared into his face. "I mean—I don't quite understand. Go away—by myself?"

He nodded. "That's it. By yourself."

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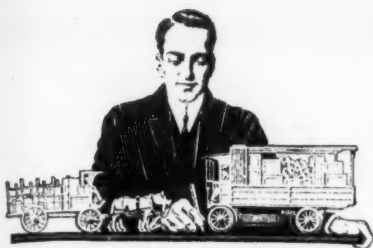
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NEW YORK (9)

The Out-Trail

(Continued from page 28.)

Out into the world, leaving everything. Should you like it?"

"No," she said honestly. "I should hate it." She brooded a moment. "What for?"

Harry Content drew a hard breath. "Lord!" he muttered. "What for?" He bent down and took hold of her wrists. "To see!" he exclaimed harshly. "To see—see—SEE! To learn to stand on your own two legs, and look out of your own two eyes, and work with your own two hands, and feed yourself—or starve!"

Sidney never took her eyes off him. "And after that—what?"

"After that? Anything—everything. I don't know!" He seemed strangely vexed by her question, and dropped her hands, saying, "Nothing at all, I suppose! You want a reward for virtue, eh?" he said somberly. "The thing isn't worth doing for itself? You like to be buried alive, and you don't care to be dug out, thank you. That's the everlasting woman of it!" He gave a scornful little laugh.

SIDNEY lifted a pale face to him. "Don't hurt me," she murmured. Her mouth, under his eyes, dipped and quivered like a child's. And, like a child, she laid a soft, appealing hand on his.

Like a flash, Harry Content's fastened to it; in the dark they clung together mutely.

"I—I—" she began, fluttering. "Harry—"

"By George!" exclaimed Harry Content suddenly. "I clean forgot your father's boat. There's the deuce to pay if the tide's got it. You'll have to excuse me, Miss Sidney." He sprang to his feet with an unsteady laugh, in which was mingled a queer note of relief. "Good night."

But Sidney wound the silvery veil round her head and looked at him with the faintest glimmer of a smile. "I'm going with you to find that boat."

"All right," he said brusquely. "Don't blame me if you get your feet wet."

Without another word they set off down the path, Sidney rebellious and half inclined to cry. Why should he be so hard and secret with her when every look of his eye, every touch of his hand—Did he intend to go on indefinitely pretending that he—that she—that nothing—Was he never going to—to—She recklessly determined that he should! Or, what was the use of anything in all the world?

Close on the path, under the light of a half moon, a sailor and his girl passed, silent, their arms intertwined. Harry Content twisted his head to gaze back at them.

"What is it?" Sidney murmured. She slipped a wistful hand under his arm.

"Lovers!" said Content, with a harsh laugh. "A pair of lovers saying their prayers to each other in the moonlight!"

Sidney withdrew her hand in utter mortification. "What have I done," she cried, "that you should be so—so—" She could not finish for emotion.

HARRY CONTENT plucked a leaf from a pale, flowering shrub. "I've tried to be decent," he muttered.

"But why do you try? Why aren't you just—yourself?"

He had a low, disturbed laugh. "That's hard lines. Do you mean I'm of nature indecent? Well, maybe I am." He took a step down the path. "That boat—" he said.

Sidney stumbled along behind him, her eyes stinging with hot tears. Suddenly she gave a sharp little cry, but before she could fall, Harry Content had wheeled and thrown a steady arm about her. Her soft body struck his with a shock; her lips lay warm and smooth against his cheek. Sidney kissed him. A small, seaworn pebble, having fulfilled its ultimate purpose in life, rattled merrily down the path. Hardly knowing what she did, she covered her face with her hands; all her being was a burning rose.

"You darned kid," said Harry Content huskily, "now you have done it!" The next instant she was lifted from the ground, held in a powerful vise, her face forcibly uncovered, and kissed unmercifully. Down at the shore, young waves running in, touched the shingle with soft whisperings, and a cool puff of wind lifted the end of Sidney's scarf and flung it across Content's bent neck. With his disengaged hand he pulled it free between them, and dropped it into the flowering shrub. Sidney raised her lashes.

"Well!" she murmured. They kissed again.

"I was afraid of this!" he whispered.

(Continued on page 33)

It's the Dust You Don't See that Carries Disease



A clean looking house may still be *insanitary*. That's the danger of sweeping with a broom. Shoes collect dried sputum from sidewalks and deposit its dust on rugs and carpets. You can't see it, perhaps. But it's *there*. Then comes sweeping day. Your broom fills the air with invisible, germ-laden dust. It finds its way into your lungs—into your food—settles on the floor where playing children stir it up again and become infected. The broom is even more dangerous than the fly.

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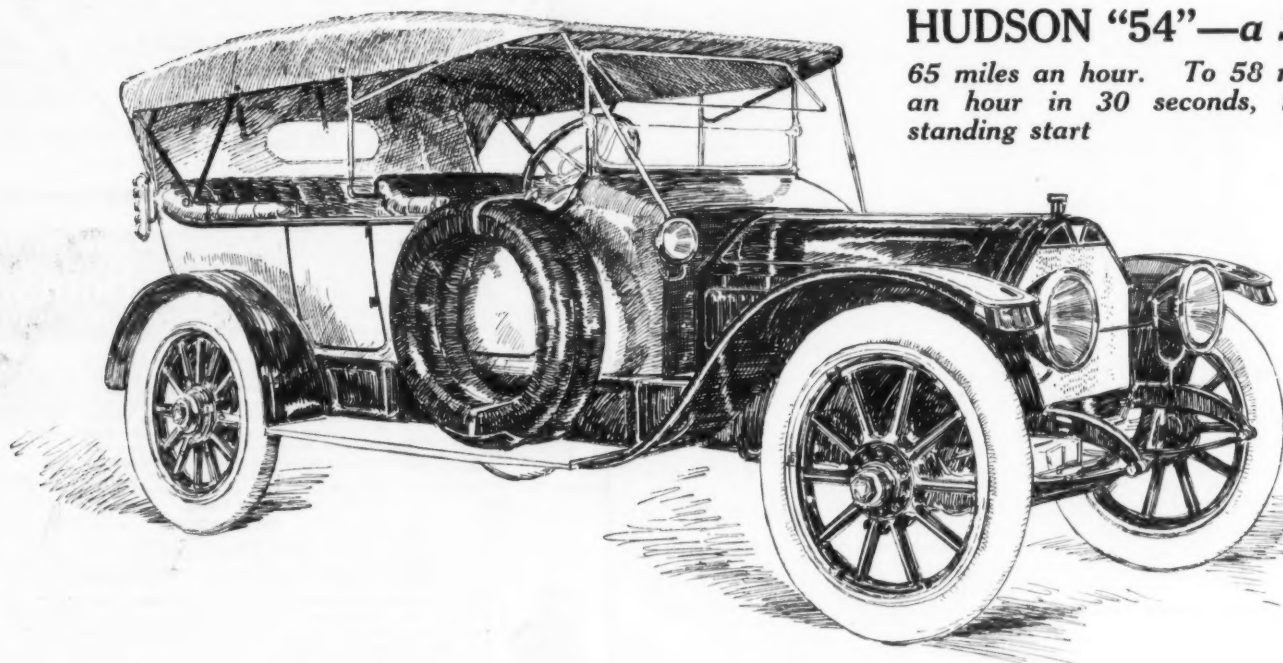
year. It can't be up to expectation in every detail. Don't buy until the makers have had a chance to correct the faults that the first year's use will disclose."

That was sound advice when no builder had had experience. It is just the way one should regard any new car now that is built by men who have not had a wide experience.

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Which kind of a car do you think is most likely to give you the service you require?

Examine All, of Course

Examination of the HUDSON and other cars will show you many details of similarity. In equipment—even to some degree in lines and color. In equipment the cars of other makes are as like the HUDSON as are the coats of a dozen different tailors. All use buttons. All attempt to follow the season's styles in cut.

But there the similarity ends. Even the cheapest cars are now sold completely equipped. Some use the costliest speedometers, tires, demountable rims, etc.

Extra money will obtain nothing better. But there similarity also ends. Putting the costliest equipment on an automobile, has no more to do with the value of the car than

has the most expensive hardware, on a pine door, to do with the value of the house. With equipment details the layman is thoroughly familiar. Beyond that confidence must be the guide. Not one man in 10,000 can understand the important mechanical details.

The items upon which our 48 engineers devote their greatest effort are not understandable to the average buyer. All the buyer can know is the result.

To have a motor that does not miss fire in thousands of miles of service and a car that never gives trouble, the best brains must be utilized in the designing.

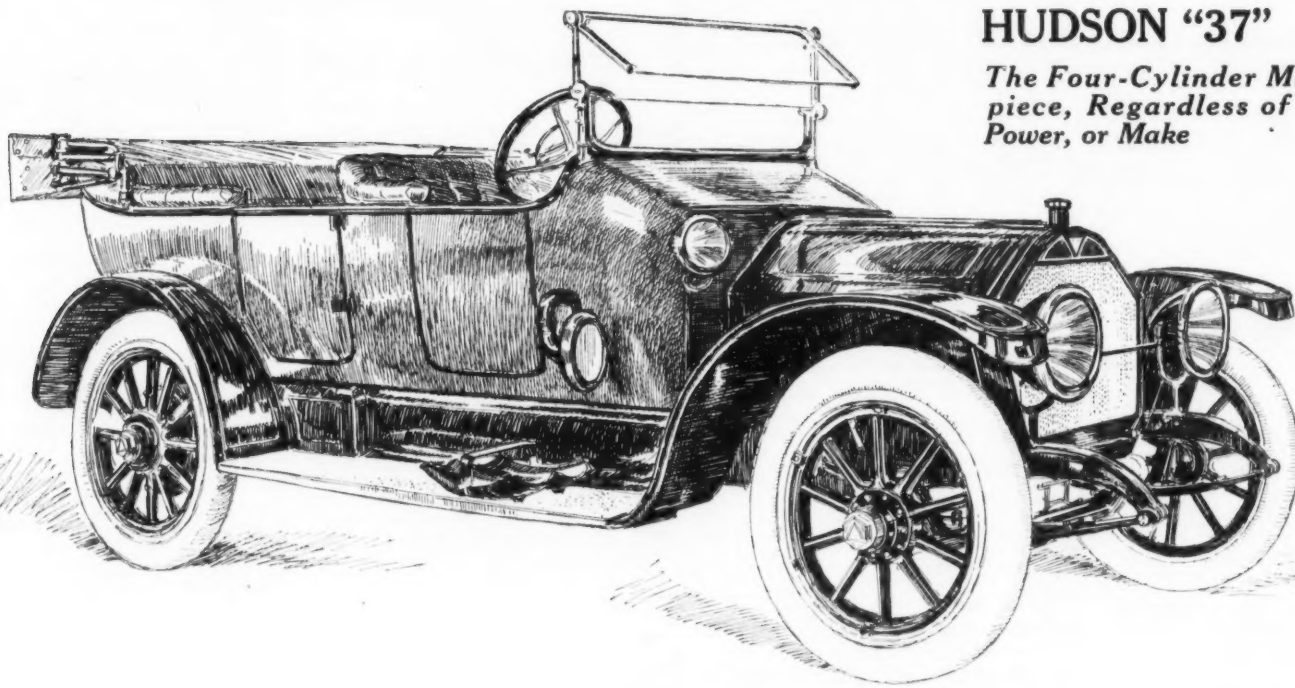
A good watch always serves you. Its time is so accurate that you rely upon it, without giving it any more attention than to keep it wound. You probably know nothing about its mechanism. All the average man knows of his watch is the face and case.

That is the way with a good automobile and is why we pay more money for engineering brains than is paid by any other Company in the industry.

As a result, HUDSON cars are free from the annoying and provoking details that have been experienced with many cars. Don't you think that policy a good one for both you and us?

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY

7419 Jefferson Ave., DETROIT, MICHIGAN



HUDSON "37"

The Four-Cylinder Masterpiece, Regardless of Cost, Power, or Make

Electric self-cranks—electric light generator—five lamps, including two twelve-inch Parabolic head lights—twelve-inch upholstery—speedometer, clock—demountable rims—extra rim—36x4 inch tires—tire holder—rain vision windshield—top, tools and all other equipment.

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HUDSON—Electrically Lighted



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The Out-Trail

(Continued from page 29)

"That first day when I saw you standing there in the sunlight, with that live pulse beating away at your white throat—" He tilted her chin with a forefinger. "It's alive yet!" he pronounced after a still moment of research. He looked down at her, smiling. "You kissed first!"

"Who cares?" sang Sidney. "I'm glad of it! Now we're out in the open."

"But isn't it horridly improper for a lady to kiss first—a sort of violation of the speed rules?"

"Not for a Cochran! We're the pace-makers."

HARRY CONTENT gave a slight start. "I see," he said. "You're It—Authority!" He lifted his head and stared grim lipped across the body of dark water toward a stationary red light in the bay, mast light of some steamer. The girl's low voice ran on close at his ear. Harry Content did not reply. After that one start he remained fixed, staring away past the semicircle of beach faint and luminous as a dream, across the track of water, as if his very soul were being drawn out of him toward that low twinkling red star. A sigh from the warm-breathing reality in his arms aroused him.

"We'll be so happy we'll be a menace to society."

"Society!" he echoed blankly. "But if you took me, you'd not be marrying into the Gold Coast. We'd give society the go-by." He flung up his head. "By George, and Cochran, too!" He seemed to have forgotten her. "He wants to maroon me on that gilded yacht of his, with ten niggers in white to pass the grub, and then sprawl under awnings and pass long drinks, when outside is the whole blessed shining old world for me to stretch my shanks in!"

He heaved a deep breath, as if preparing to race off hotfoot from such a fate, and stared down at the girl in his arms as if wondering what held him. The next instant he strained her to him, and kissed her mouth and her eyelids, and the rosy convulsion of her ear; kissed her in a silent passion of haste as a thief in the night gathers booty, and let her down hurriedly to the ground, reached for her wrap and folded it securely round her shoulders.

"Now," he said, "you're warm again, and I'll take you home, and to-morrow you'll forget all this business."

SIDNEY clung dumbly to his two hands. "No," he said, answering her appeal. "It won't do. It won't—do! This is a blamed mess we're in, and I'm bound to cut you clear, or be an out-and-out scamp. You don't understand—no more than a puppy with its eyes shut—I don't expect you to. But I'd be a swindler pure and simple to let you in for a lot of bills you can't pay."

"I would pay!" she whispered, weeping. "I'd try."

"Trying isn't paying," he retorted, "as every bankrupt knows. See here. Would you care to scrub along the rough ways with me, and me only? Mind, no sacrifice for love and all that rot, but liking the life for itself?"

He put the question gruffly, but his eyes had narrowed and his hand was at his mouth, a sure sign of emotion. If she said yes, then he was lost indeed, for she was the girl for his money, and he knew he would have to have her.

Sidney hesitated. "Father—" she began very low, but he cut in with a harsh: "Father be—blowed! I've had too much of father." He gave a strained laugh, compounded equally of pain and relief, and bent above Sidney.

"You see," he said more gently, "we can't carry this off even for five minutes. The truth is, I'm too rough a chum for your playmate. Such a fine, glorious girl is not for the likes of me."

He took hold of her elbows and turned her about in the path.

SEEING that she still resisted him and stood weeping soundlessly with wide eyes fastened on his, Harry Content swore suddenly and lifted her in his arms, as he had lifted the other girl who was bent on killing herself, and went swiftly up the hill. Sidney's arm was curled round his neck like a limpet.

"Harry," she sobbed out, "I don't know what you want, but I'll go wherever you say—father would give us money; he likes you—but I'll go wherever you say."

"I don't want that!" he said between

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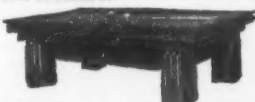
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Electric
light
needed
to bring
out
re-inforcing



The Out-Trail

(Concluded from page 33)

strides. "I— You don't understand—" His mouth contracted as if he were hurt. He skirted the streak of light from Cochran's window and set her upon the shadowy upper step, breathing painfully. "Now," he said, "we're back where we were before, and no harm done. You'll thank me for this some day."

He bent over her, waiting for her to speak. She had ceased weeping, and sat pale and drooping as if wounded, with her face turned away. He took her hand, smoothed it, kissed each finger softly one by one. Her mute, drooping attitude hurt him. "Sidney!" he whispered. He wondered if he were not making a thundering big mistake. What was a fleshless freedom to this warm, shining girl by his side. "Sidney!" he breathed again. His fate was still fluid. If she turned her head now—one look. He prayed with all his heart she would look! Those dear, smiling eyes—

"Harry!" Cochran's voice sang out. "I want you." A white light came stepping through the open window.

HARRY CONTENT listened, wavered, then whirled all at once and ran. Behind him two voices were calling. He clenched his hands and ran on. At the water's dark edge he brought up, perfectly white and unsmiling.

"By God," he said earnestly, "that was a near thing!"

He blew out a big breath and, kneeling, bathed his wrists in the refreshing tide. Then he looked for Cochran's boat, and when he had found it he got in and pulled toward the stationary red light in the bay.

Baseball

(Concluded from page 12)

Washington was all wrought up that evening over the happenings of the afternoon. The fans didn't care to have Johnson's record spoiled, and insisted that Hughes ought to be charged with the defeat. Many critics agreed with them, and when President Johnson ruled that the defeat should be charged against Johnson, there was much agitation against the decision. Walter Johnson was the least excited of all the Washingtonians. I heard a newspaper man ask him the next day what he thought of the league's ruling.

"Why, I lost the game," said Walter. "It would be unfair to charge Tom Hughes with the defeat, just to keep my record clean. True, I didn't let the two men get on the bases. Tom put them there, but he didn't make that wild pitch or allow the single that scored the two very much-needed runs. I lost the game, so what's the use worrying and fussing over it?"

Johnny McInnis of the Athletics is a wonder. No one but Connie Mack would have tried to make a first baseman out of a player so short of stature. He was kidded and joshed about his intentions when he made the announcement. Today McInnis stands out as one of the best first sackers in the business. He is without a weakness.

There are a number of clever second basemen in the American League, but of them Eddie Collins is the class. Collins can cover a world of ground, is a good hitter, and fast on his feet.

At shortstop nothing is too difficult for Wagner. He thrives on the hardest kind of chances, and his nerve is unlimited. On touching a base runner he has few if any superiors. While not a hard hitter, he is a most dangerous man in a pinch.

While Frank Baker may not strike the average fan as the most graceful fielder in the business, there is no denying his ability to clout the pill. Game after game has been won for the Athletics through the medium of Baker's bat. "Germany" Schaefer of Washington says Baker has beaten Washington in every game won by the Athletics this year. He claims the only way to keep Baker from hitting is to give him a base on balls.

It would be hard to imagine a more superb outfield than Cobb, Speaker, and Jackson. This trio of gardeners excel in every department of the game. All hit in the neighborhood of .400, can cover acres of ground, have grand throwing arms, and are fast. They must be high-class to get the preference over "Zeb" Milan and some of the other American League stars.

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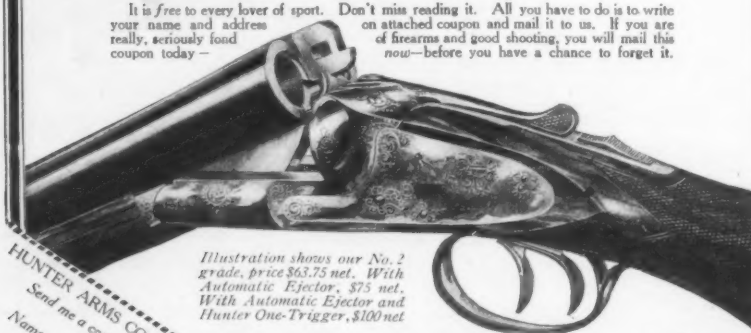


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Cyril Knightly as Hilary (holding the revolver) and A. G. Poulton as Davids

"The New Sin"

An English Play That Chicago Sees First

By ARTHUR RUHL

CHICAGO presents at the moment a phenomenon which would have stirred to their profoundest depths the New York first nighters of a few years ago. Here is an English company in an English play—a new play by a new author, more successful than some in hitching his wagon to the star of Mr. Shaw, and offered to the Middle West weeks before it is even heard of on Broadway. Can such things be? Oh, yes, it seems so.

Lest the doors of the Powers Theatre be torn from their hinges by a hungry public deluded with the notion that "The New Sin" presents some hitherto undiscovered problem of sex, let us hasten to say that there is not a woman in it. Seven men, that is all. Nor is there any "love interest," unless it be the regard which young Mr. Hilary Cutts has for his thoroughly worthless brothers and sisters.

This young man, the only capable one of the large family, had mortally offended his father—an eccentric person, grown rich in the manufacture of men's garters—and been cut off in his will without a shilling. The estate was to be divided equally among the others, but none can be paid until after twenty-one years or the death of the disinherited son. The wasters promptly fasten themselves on this unfortunate young man—a fairly successful painter—and not only drain him of every penny as fast as he can make it, but so work on his susceptible nature by the various miseries they get themselves into that he begins to feel it is not right for him to live when his death would lift the tragedy from eight or ten other lives. That is the "new sin"—the whimsical premise with which Mr. Hastings starts his play.

The young man is contemplating suicide—the natural conclusion once the premise is admitted—when a bosom friend of his, a very serious labor member of Parliament, suggests that instead of killing himself he kill somebody else—some scourge of humanity whom the law is powerless to touch—and then the State will dispose of him. He will thus have accomplished an additional good, and, after all, being hanged by somebody else may not be any more unpleasant than being shot or poisoned by oneself. When, a few moments later, one of Hilary's worthless brothers, half crazy from lack of food and the brutal taunts of the oily, smug employer who has just kicked him into the street, actually does commit murder, Hilary thrusts the gibbering wretch

into a chair, grabs the revolver, and when outsiders burst into the room gives himself up as the guilty man. He is convicted, and on the eve of his execution the amiable brother is just concluding with a usurer a loan based on his present expectations, when the newsboys begin shouting extras in the street. The Home Secretary has commuted Hilary's sentence to life imprisonment! The Jew money lender pulls back his money, again the same old ghastly future arises before the worthless brother, and "What shall we do? What shall we do?" he is shrieking as the curtain falls.

This ended the piece as it was originally produced in London last winter—a "play" in the thoroughly Shavian sense of the word, which presupposes an audience capable of being amused by watching an idea, however preposterous and arbitrarily chosen, wittily carried out to its logical conclusion. Mr. Hastings does not always succeed in maintaining the note of fantastic irony, yet, well played as it is in Chicago, "The New Sin," for the original three acts at least, is novel and exciting. So entertaining, indeed, that I was not disposed to quarrel with the rest—Mr. Tyler, the producer, explains that another scene was necessary to make the play long enough for an evening—although the last act, with Hilary freed, and he and his friends, in pajamas, cavorting about the stage in a sort of musical comedy notion of a boarding-school girls' frolic, by way of celebrating his release, is thoroughly incongruous and quite breaks the bubble of paradox carefully blown up during the preceding acts. Critical objections apart, the reception given the export version of this dramatic *jeu d'esprit* has certainly been all that could be hoped for, and the author's success in convincing some of his more earnest critics that he has produced a relentless study of real life, treating "with mordant irony a society created and fostered by a ruinous economic system," must have astounded Mr. Hastings as much as it gratified him.

The bulletin of the Drama League—which has headquarters in Chicago, and sends out to its subscribers criticisms of interesting new plays and just that sort of information which everybody interested in plays and their authors wants but rarely knows just where to find—says that Mr. Hastings was until recently editor of the London "Bystander." Another play of his, "Love—and What Then?" was produced by Mr. Cyril Maude in London last summer.

Brickbats & Bouquets

COLLIER'S always is butting in at the wrong time.
—Tacoma (Wash.) News.

Many persons profess surprise that COLLIER'S WEEKLY took up the cudgels in behalf of the Standard Oil Company in the matter of the famous letters. . . .

We have believed hitherto that COLLIER'S could not be bought.

If anyone in the Standard Oil Company did arrange the "attack" or "defense"—whatever it may be called—in the current issue, it is obvious that it was done in the absence of Mr. Archbold in Europe, because, while Mr. Archbold's company has been convinced of all sorts of crimes, he has never been accused of stupidity. And the COLLIER'S article, either as an attack or as a defense, was exceedingly stupid.
—New York American.

COLLIER'S seems to have established beyond any question that many of the reproduced Archbold letters are forgeries.
—Johnstown (Pa.) Leader.

While COLLIER'S case seems convincing, this is such a dastardly affair that the "Herald" is extremely reluctant to believe Mr. Hearst guilty of it. . . . The Clapp Committee ought to investigate COLLIER'S disclosures, to the exclusion of everything else, if necessary. It can have no more important task.
—Boston (Mass.) Morning Herald.

Nothing could have happened to do Senator Simmons more good than the attack of COLLIER'S WEEKLY on him. It's an honor to have the opposition of a paper like that.
—Concord (N. C.) Tribune.

No list of distinguished American workers for the common cause would be complete without the names of Woodrow Wilson, W. J. Bryan, Senator La Follette, Louis Brandeis, and Dr. Wiley, not to mention COLLIER'S WEEKLY.
—Detroit (Mich.) News.

The idea that trusts are a necessary part of modern business is exploded in an article by Louis Brandeis in a recent number of COLLIER'S.
—Brattleboro (Vt.) Reformer.

Another favorable factor for the Democrat has been the strengthening of his campaign against trust recognition and regulation through the lucid and widely read articles of Mr. Louis Brandeis in COLLIER'S WEEKLY.—Chicago (Ill.) Post.

COLLIER'S is trying to hold back a process of evolution by the tail, and the Colonel is trying to lead it by the nose. The Colonel's trust policy is certainly more progressive as well as more scientific than COLLIER'S.
—Morgantown (W. Va.) Post-Chronicle.

I notice you are running some articles in COLLIER'S which I have read with great interest. I think if there is any one fallacy that has got to be removed from the public mind it is the one that has grown up in the idea that a great combination, by stifling competition and destroying all incentive to efficiency, develops efficiency.
SENATOR MOSES E. CLAPP.

COLLIER'S has always loved the Colonel, but lately it has been flirting scandalously with Mr. Wilson—the Weekly, which forgets that a Progressive cannot serve two masters. Either he is for the Bull Moose or for Mammon. Such half-hearted, mollicoddle support will not go with the Colonel.—Newburgh (N. Y.) Journal.

I cancel my subscription of COLLIER'S on acc. of that magazine's boasting of Teddy—the editorials have become distasteful to me. I do not read the magazine any more as it has become distasteful to me. You should not wish to force me read a magazine that has become repugnant to me. Cancel subscription.
J. N. STERNBERG.

COLLIER'S WEEKLY is supporting Wilson and contributing some of the strongest arguments why he should be elected that have appeared in any periodical.
—Norfolk (Va.) Virginian Pilot.

Wilson was nominated by the Democrats, not on account of COLLIER'S but probably in spite of it.
—Montgomery (Ala.) Advertiser.

At the opening of the Presidential campaign COLLIER'S was a strong Bull Moose supporter, but recently it has shown much admiration for Governor Wilson. Therefore many have failed to comprehend the position of the paper, regarding it as anomalous, when, as a matter of fact, it is simply broad-minded.
—Greenville (S. C.) News.

Why, when COLLIER'S is able to appreciate the fact that Roosevelt is indulging in "pay-envelope talk about the tariff" and has Gary-Perkins views as to monopolies, it should still desire to see him poll a tremendous vote is past understanding by the average mind.
—Nashville (Tenn.) Banner.

COLLIER'S is a bold and fearless journal, but it may as well prepare to pay its dues in the Ancient and Dishonorable Order of Ananias.
—Peoria (Ill.) Herald-Transcript.

Glavis, who saved the Alaskan coal fields, has finally been vindicated by the Secretary of the Interior. . . . Glavis was dismissed in disgrace. Happily he enlisted the support of COLLIER'S WEEKLY, a powerful and free periodical, and the articles that it published caused a Congressional investigation.
—Kansas City (Mo.) Star.

COLLIER'S, the most influential independent weekly publication in the country.
—Paterson (N. J.) Guardian.

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Now that I seem to hear the gilded chains of an unknown power clanking in your editorial sanctum, I wish you to stop my subscription.
F. T. TERRY.

COLLIER'S WEEKLY does not share the opinion of the Bull Moose press that Senator La Follette is a selfish political vagabond.—Stockton (Cal.) Record.

That sigh you hear is from Senator Warren of Wyoming, coming to after what Mr. C. P. Connolly did to him in COLLIER'S WEEKLY.—Kansas City (Mo.) Times.

COLLIER'S WEEKLY recently printed an article detrimental to the candidacy of Senator Warren of Wyoming. All the papers sent into Wyoming were immediately bought by friends of the Senator and destroyed. This is one way of suppressing the truth.
—Girard (Kans.) Appeal to Reason.

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Otherwise it is worthless. I will be more than glad when my subscription to COLLIER'S ends.
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—Santa Cruz (Cal.) News.

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—Dayton (Ohio) News.

COLLIER'S is the leading Progressive journal of national circulation.
—Racine (Wis.) Times.

One of the interesting questions of the campaign has been: What will COLLIER'S do? Colonel Roosevelt has had a valuable ally in that champion of the forward movement. Sometimes with what we consider an inexplicable ability to give him credit for virtues he does not possess, but usually with convincing presentment of its reason therefor, COLLIER'S has for years upheld the Colonel in every controversy. Its influence is great, and no small part of Mr. Roosevelt's success is to be attributed to COLLIER'S advocacy of his cause.
—Fresno (Cal.) Herald.

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